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HUNTING THE CAVE BEAR.

ONE of the most terrible enemies of the cave dwellers must have been the cave bear, known to naturalists as *Ursus spelæus*, and a fourth part larger than the largest of the modern brown or grizzly bears. Skeletons have been found which measure more than nine feet in length and a little more than six feet in height. It abounded in France, Belgium, and in Germany, and its range was so extensive that the great numbers of its teeth gathered in various localities induced the apothecaries of old to make use of them in materia medica, under the name of *Licorne fossile* (fossil unicorn). To the question as to the contemporaneity of man with the cave bear many distinguished paleontologists have answered in the negative; but from recent discoveries it now seems quite certain that this representative of the paleolithic age, or the early stone period, was coexistent with the human race.

If we may rely upon observations made by Mr. **BUSK** upon certain remains of this bear found in British caves and gravel pits, the animal, instead of being, as supposed by many, the ancestor of the European brown bear, is in reality the same species as the grizzly bear (*Ursus horribilis*) of North America. This assumption, however, must be taken with caution, and more extended observations are necessary to its substantiation.

Considering the great range of the cave bear, many persons were surprised that no remains were found in the gravel pits excavated at Moulin Quignon, near Abbeville, France; but Sir **JOHN LUBBOCK** suggests, in explanation, that as the cave bear inhabits caverns for the most part, it must consequently be very rare in gravel pits.

In spite of the great difficulty in ascribing the remains of the cave bear of Europe to one particular species—the *Ursus spelæus*—in view of its great range and the immense number of its bones found in different countries, paleontologists are now generally agreed as to this point; and if we refer it to the grizzly bear of North America, it of course can not be classed among animals totally extinct and forms that are no longer represented on the earth. The mammoth, with its circular tusks and thick hair, and the rhinoceros, protected by its thick, woolly hair, have left no representative of their race. We know, however, that the aurochs is still living in some portions of the Old World, and the cave bear may be another instance of the persistence of species through a long period of years. Other illustrations are seen in the European fox, badger, beaver, etc., equally known as inhabitants of the ancient caves and of modern times.

The subject chosen by the artist is often reproduced in the encounters of the American Indians with the grizzly, the slaying of which, as is well known, is considered the highest achievement of which man is capable; but the difference in the arms used by the two different races of men gives a great superiority to the modern hunters. Whatever the development of the muscular system of man in those remote periods, his primitive and imperfect weapons must have often rendered him the victim of his huge and terrible enemy.

Mr. **LARTET** has attempted to establish a kind of chronology, or division of four periods, represented as follows, viz., the first by the cave bear; the second by the mammoth and the hairy rhinoceros; the third by the reindeer; the fourth and last by the aurochs. Many interesting discoveries made in caverns, and associated with remains of tools cut and chiseled by the hand of man, show from these four periods that man has lived more anciently than is generally believed; and, assuming the correctness of these divisions, the artist has ventured to delineate two primitive men engaged in deadly combat with the huge animal, of which it would appear they are far from being the conquerors.

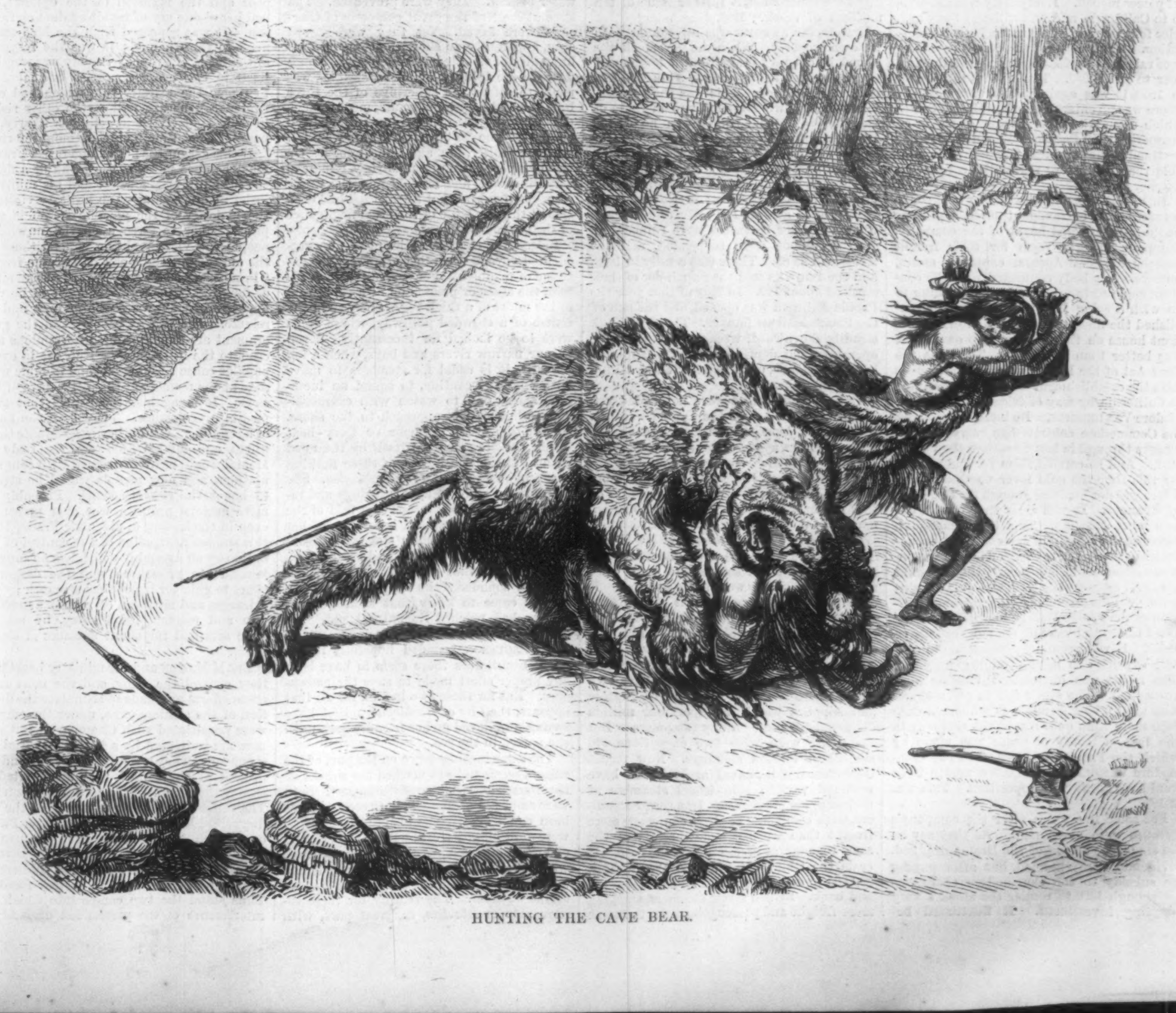
In a cave at Aurignac Mr. **LARTET** found the tusk of a young cave bear which had been carved and perforated, as though intended for an ornament. This fact is related because it demonstrates, or at least indicates, that man was the contemporary of the cave bear.

Moreover, bones of this animal have frequently been found in caves that had been split open for the extraction of marrow, and it is clear that among the inhabitants of those caves a large leg of the cave bear was considered a choice repast. Thus the *jambons d'ours*, so cleverly praised by the pen of **ALEXANDRE DUMAS**, had been appreciated some thousands of years before—but at what cost? If we recall to mind the dangers incurred by the North American hunters in encountering the grizzly bear with their improved firearms, or even their efficient bows and arrows, we may have a faint idea of those which attended the hunt of the monster animal denominated the cave bear.

NEW FOSSIL CARNIVORA.

SOME time ago Professor Leidy described a genus of extinct animals from Wyoming, which appeared to be distantly related to the tapirs, in which two large, long teeth projected from the extremity of the lower jaw in front, in contact, and in appearance much like the cutting teeth of rodents (the beaver, for example). This he called *Anchippodus*, and two species were noted. More recently Professor Cope discovered a genus of carnivora which presents nearly the same structure of lower jaw, the two terminal parallel teeth being very large and strong. They are evidently canine teeth, which have come together by the omission of all, or nearly all, the intervening teeth (incisors). They work against three teeth on each side of the upper jaw, at the end against incisors, and sideways against a huge tiger-like canine. The molar teeth are all flesh teeth, to the number of six on each side (the lion and tiger have only one); but these are not very effective as meat-cutters, and have a conic point in front. The claws of this animal are, however, very exceptional, being so broad and flat as to be almost hoofs, while other parts of the feet differ much from all carnivora known. The species has been named *Synoplotherium lanius*; it was about the size of the black bear, but had a larger head and a long, slender tail. While its claws were worthless as weapons, its teeth were very formidable. It has been suggested that it preyed on the turtles which so abounded during the same period. The teeth of the specimen found were much worn from use of hard food.

Another genus was also found by Professor Cope, which resembles the last one in many respects, and was another representative of the same type. Its lower tusks were not so long and large, and the claws not quite so flat. It was called *Mesonyx*. What peculiar habits these flat claws are related to is a matter for curious speculation. The two genera certainly add features from outside to those proper to the carnivora.



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PACIFIC MAIL.

IT is just a quarter of a century since three enterprising merchants of New York—WILLIAM H. ASPINWALL, GARDNER G. HOWLAND, and HENRY CHAUNCEY—made a bargain with the United States government by which, in consideration of an annual subsidy, they agreed to establish and maintain steam communication between New York and the newly acquired Territory of California by way of the Isthmus of Panama. Money to build the ships was raised with difficulty, capitalists generally declining to participate in so risky an enterprise. But two vessels were at length launched, and started round the Horn, and while they were at sea gold was discovered in California. Those who can remember the gold fever of 1848–49 will readily understand that the new steam-ship company, which began to be known as the Pacific Mail, found its lines cast in very pleasant places indeed. Every body was crazy to go to California, and was willing to pay any price for passage, any extra tax for accommodation. The capital of the company was at once raised to $1,000,000, and in the following year to $2,000,000. Three years afterward, in 1853, it was again raised to $4,000,000. There was no enterprise in the United States which seemed to possess surer elements of prosperity than Pacific Mail. In fact, it was destined to vicissitudes of fortune so remarkable that its history reads like a romantic Drama.

In 1853 it was almost a matter of favor to secure, at an extravagant price, a passage in the overcrowded boats of the company. Shippers engaged room for their freight months ahead. Agents, captains, mates, pursers, every body connected with the concern, made fortunes. To have any thing to do with Pacific Mail was to have accomplished the first step toward a brown-stone-front house on the Avenue. To own stock was better than the house. This was the First Act of the Drama. The Second opens with the establishment of an opposition line to California by way of Nicaragua by Commodore VANDERBILT. By incredible energy the Commodore contrived to carry his passengers through in less time than the Pacific Mail. And he carried them for less money. By this time the gold fever was subsiding. There was not business enough for two lines of steamers. It was clear that one of the two must succumb. This the Commodore never does. By dint of extraordinary economies he contrived to carry on his Nicaragua line without losing more money than he could spare for a time. His rival was not so fortunate. All the arrangements and administration of the Pacific Mail had been devised for flush times, and were on the most expensive scale. It was seemingly impossible to curtail expenses to meet declining revenues. The result was obvious. Dividends were suspended. The stock fell to $40 a share. And after a long struggle, in which absolute ruin more than once stared the company in the face, a treaty of peace was made by which the Pacific Mail agreed to pay Commodore VANDERBILT $40,000 a month if he would withdraw his opposition. This was in 1857.

For some five years after the company's fortunes were uneventful. As they say on the stage, the action of the Drama dragged. Dividends were resumed, but after paying the subsidy to the Commodore there was not enough left to render the stock a very tempting investment. It fluctuated between 40 and 80, and was selling in the sixties when the war broke out. But by this time the California trade was recovering from the reaction which had followed the gold fever, and was developing with amazing strides. Far-seeing men discerned a new era of prosperity for Pacific Mail. The tide had, in fact, turned once more. A pool was formed in the office of BROWN BROTHERS, which bought, at and below $70 a share, some 25,000 shares. With the paper-money inflation the stock rose, rose, rose, until, in the spring of 1865, it actually sold at $330 a share. Of course vast fortunes were made and lost in this wonderful advance. The original BROWN pool is said to have realized not less than *twelve millions of dollars.* There were sufferers too. And, as in all well-ordered dramas, there was a part for the low comedian. This was a Southerner, who, when the stock was selling at about $175, fancied he could serve his country and make a little money by fitting out a privateer at San Francisco, capturing the Pacific Mail steamers, and selling the stock short in advance. But the BROWNS were equal to the emergency. They took all the Southerner's short stock, and then they took his privateer; the consequence of which was that Pacific Mail jumped up twenty per cent., and the Southerner was ruined.

In August, 1865, it was resolved to increase the capital stock to $10,000,000, the new stock to be divided among the existing stockholders on payment of $30 a share. Such was the public confidence in the property that the new stock sold in November of that year at $240 a share. At this time the company had twenty-three steamers, all fully occupied at remunerative rates. Of all the active stocks in Wall Street, Pacific Mail was considered the soundest and most valuable. In the spring of 1866 the BROWN pool is said to have held not less than 130,000 shares of stock.

At this time the leading part in Pacific Mail was played by LEONARD W. JEROME. He had made a fortune of several millions out of the stock. He understood Wall Street and the public temper thoroughly. Born a *preux chevalier,* in another age he would have led charges of dragoons. It contented him, to-day, to lead Wall Street. To this man it now occurred that if the public were willing to give $240 a share for six millions of new stock in the Pacific Mail, it would be well to feed them with more of it while the appetite lasted. He accordingly proposed, and the directors sanctioned, a further issue of ten millions of stock. But, like many other operators, Mr. JEROME was infatuated with his own property. When the new stock was issued, he offered to take the whole issue off the company's hands at $200 a share. The offer was accepted. This was the turning-point in his own fortunes, and in those of the company. The transaction no sooner transpired than holders of Pacific Mail began to sell their stock. In a week it sold at 170, and never commanded 200 again.

Throughout the year 1867 the stock declined, with fluctuations; in November of that year it sold at 117. Mr. JEROME and a host of other operators were ruined. In 1868 dividends were suspended, and the stock sold at 86. There was a rally in 1869, and the BROWNS sold the remainder of their stock at about 110. In May of that year the Pacific Railroad was opened, and the sun of the Pacific Mail set forever. The stock sunk steadily downward, wrecking hundreds of operators, and depriving many a family of its maintenance, until in 1870 it was selling below $30 a share.

But its vicissitudes were not ended yet. There was one Act of the Drama left. In 1872 a new *jeune premier* appeared on the stage. This was Mr. ALDEN B. STOCKWELL, son-in-law and heir to the inventor of the sewing-machine. He gradually bought control of Pacific Mail, and at the election of 1872 became its president. It was at once announced that dividends were to be resumed. Wall Street, ever credulous, followed Mr. STOCKWELL'S lead, and once more, in October, 1872, the stock sold above par. Once more great fortunes were made and lost. It does not seem, however, that Mr. STOCKWELL'S capacity as a manager was equal to his boldness as a speculator. When he took control of the company its position was about as follows: It owned between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000 in cash, 27,000 shares of its own stock, 10,000 shares of Panama, real estate and supplies worth three or four million dollars, and some thirty steamers. But these last were, with two exceptions, old side-wheel wooden steamers. Now recent improvements in naval architecture have rendered wooden side-wheel steamers as useless as stage-coaches. Iron screw steamers, with compound engines, can carry more freight than wooden side-wheelers of the same tonnage, at precisely half the cost. It costs the China ships of the Pacific Mail $90,000 to make the round trip to Shanghai and back. British screw steamers, carrying more freight and passengers, make the same trip at a cost of $45,000. And a steamer, be it remembered, costs money whether it is idle or busy. Ship owners say that there is but one thing to do with an old steamer of the old pattern: sell her engines for old iron, and take her to sea and scuttle her.

This must be remembered when we review Mr. STOCKWELL'S single year of administration of the Pacific Mail. Of the details of that administration it is yet too soon to speak. The courts have the matter in hand, and if rumor be correct, the story to be told will be deplorable. Suffice it here to say that the new Board of Directors find the present condition of the company to be as follows: No money on hand, no Pacific Mail stock, only 500 shares of Panama, real estate and supplies as before, and thirty-six steamers, thirty-three of which belong to that class which, according to old shipping merchants, ought to be scuttled at once. What has become of the $3,000,000 of cash? of the 27,000 shares of Pacific, which, according to the books, were sold by Mr. STOCKWELL for the company at par? of 9500 shares of Panama? Have the losses on the year's business absorbed all this money? These are questions which the courts will determine. In the mean time, with only two or three steamers afloat that can run at a profit, and no other assets to speak of but lawsuits, with debts due on every side, and no funds to pay them, it is not surprising that the stock should once more be selling in the thirties, and that the curtain should fall at last upon a Grand Tableau of bankruptcy and ruin.

THE EMIGRANTS' DANGERS.

SAILING through thick fogs and over an unknown sea at the rate of twelve miles an hour, dashing forward into the jaws of death, landing with a sudden shock upon a Nova Scotian reef, escaping only by a miracle from total destruction, is the fate which the foreign lines of steamers offer to their throngs of helpless passengers. If the *City of Washington* had swerved only a few feet from her providential path, the horrors of her disaster would have outdone all that was told of the fate of the *Atlantic.* It is possible that no one in the dim and misty surf would have been able to reach the shore. All must have gone down together. Happily the friendly rock bore up the ship. Her officers attempted to drag her back and sink her, with all the crew, in the deep water behind. They were prevented. The lives at least of the great company of travelers were saved. Yet they were saved only, apparently, to show the continued inhumanity of the steamer's officials. No effort, we are told by Colonel PARNELL, was made to soften the sufferings of the three hundred and fifty immigrants, men, women, children, who were thrown upon the barren coast, and who for days and nights were left without shelter, fire, and almost food. On the bleak rocks and sands they remained shivering, wet, and famished in the misty rain, yet thankful that life at least had been spared them in spite of the cruel negligence of the steamer's officers.

Indeed, the characteristics of this unprecedented voyage seem to verge upon the extreme of madness. For seven days, we are told, the steamer pressed on at a rapid rate in the midst of a thick fog. She was in the centre of a crowded pathway, where ships were to be looked for incessantly. Even on our narrow rivers and bays, when a fog prevails, it is usual for steamers to move with constant caution, to sound an incessant alarm, and to watch with extraordinary diligence the approach to the shore. No Hudson River steamer or ferry-boat would neglect to secure itself by the most natural precautions. Yet of these nothing was provided in the *City of Washington.* She was hurried on in spite of warnings and remonstrances, of rock weeds that told of the nearing reef, of the total ignorance of her officers as to her position and her danger; and it was only when she had struck with a sharp crash that guns were fired, steam-whistles sounded, bells rung, and that the officers came to know that their perilous voyage had reached its natural end. Yet not even then, until the voices of SWANBERG and FERGUSSON sounded hopefully in the misty night, does there seem to have been any proper effort made to save the passengers. But for these two heroes, for all that appears, the *City of Washington* might have swung unrelieved on her friendly rock until she parted in the sea.

The same incompetence on the part of the officers seems to have marked the wrecks of the *Atlantic* and the *City of Washington.* Both were emigrant steamers. Both seem to have been committed to the charge of men who were unfit for any trust; and that the throng of emigrants who perished in the *Atlantic* was not rivaled in the later disaster is due to no precaution on the part of the owners of the steamer. The remedy for these inexcusable events lies, in great part, with the emigrants themselves. They should carefully avoid patronizing all lines of travel where their interests are not provided for, and their lives and comfort secured; they should warn their friends in Europe of the dangers that await them, and show to the companies, who make immense sums from the host of immigration, that they are resolved to have a proper return for their money.

Yet the failures and the discomforts, the needless disasters and ceaseless inhumanity, on the part of foreign ships and ship-owners, show that the ocean travel should no longer be left in their hands. To the immigrant an American line of steamers is an absolute need. On the European steamer he is too often looked upon as a serf, and treated with European inhumanity. The moment he touches an American deck he is free. That an American line of steamers, conducted with discretion and liberality, might engross a large share of this gainful traffic we are quite confident; and that the American ship-owner and the American government are better fitted than the foreign to watch over the interests of our future citizens no one can doubt, or that the immigrant, from the moment he leaves his native shore, should be under the protection of the country where rests his hope of freedom and of peace.

GAMBETTA ON JESUITISM.

GAMBETTA has repeated in the French Assembly, amidst a stormy session, his speech against clericalism. A deputation of its members had recently returned from a pilgrimage to the famous shrine of the Lady of Monial, warm with their labors of devotion. The Préfet of Lyons had outraged the tolerant sentiment of all France by interfering with the rights of civil funerals in the interest of the clerical faction. A member of the Assembly had just been denied the military honors usual at the burial of its dead because he had separated from the dominant Church. Under the usurpation of M'MAHON, the ultramontanes have thrown aside all trace of moderation, and are forcing upon the people of all ranks their intolerable tyranny. And although the particulars of his speech have not fully reached us, we may well imagine that the brilliant orator spared none of those gross superstitions that have in every age been so fatal to France. Every where, he said, in the cottage of the poor and the mansion of the opulent, he had heard one cry of revolt against clericalism. It was repeated from the Mediterranean to the Channel; it was the response of the heart of France. Society was ranging itself in two warring parties, one laboring to renew the priestly rule which had corrupted a generous nation, the other rising in defense of civil and religious liberty, of popular education, and of national reform.

If this account is not exaggerated, France must be once more on the brink of a fierce convulsion. If M'MAHON and his ministry insist upon crushing with military violence the majority of the nation, if préfets and priests labor to force upon the unwilling people the vices and the superstitions of the old régime, there can be but one result. "France," cried GAMBETTA to the assembly of fanatics, "is revolutionary," and he was apparently met by a storm of rage and of rebuke. The priests who control the government are known to be unscrupulous and cruel to the last degree. They see in every popular cause a Commune, and tremble with rage at the memory of the bitter days of the siege. It is against the people that they meditate vengeance. They hate the name of a republic. Could they exterminate GAMBETTA and all his followers, the Lady of Monial would be overwhelmed with congratulations, and new medals would be struck to honor the *strages heretici.* Probably no more curious problem was ever presented even in the history of eccentric France than this sudden usurpation of the control of the nation by an Assembly which has no support beyond the priesthood, and the desperate effort to gain for it political strength by pilgrimages and miracles, by religious persecution and unexampled bigotry, by all the stale arts and impudent menaces of clericalism.

But M'MAHON and his ministry boast that they control the army, and the most ludicrous efforts are made to stimulate the devotion of the soldiers, who, under the empire, were propitiated with Champagne, but who now are animated by a less substantial excitement. They are forbidden to attend the funeral of the infidel, they are invited to throng the shrines of the newest impostures. The priests look for a new rising of the soldiery, and M'MAHON is to be another PETER or GODFREY. Yet GAMBETTA assures us that the army is no longer to be severed from the people, and that the soldiers of France will never fight to destroy freedom. Thus stand the two camps into which the interference of the priests has divided the unhappy nation. Whether a fierce and desperate revolution impends over Paris and Lyons, whether M'Mahon and his corrupt followers may triumph amidst seas of blood, whether the priests will renew their power by cruel treachery, and the working classes and the industrious perish under a new persecution, is the sad problem of France. If, as Gambetta assures us, the people and the army are in unison in their dread of clericalism, it would seem that some pacific means might be found to drive a feeble minority from power. Yet the policy of the priests is that of desperation. They have seized upon the government, they must retain it or perish. On the fate of France rests that of the ultramontanes of every land, and Europe and America will watch with awe the mad exploits of M'Mahon and the intellectual vigor of Gambetta.

UNIVERSAL PEACE.

The passage by the English Commons of a motion in favor of universal peace by a single vote may at least be taken as a mark of progress. It shows the hidden aspiration of a warlike nation for a better policy than they have been hitherto allowed to pursue. England's renown has heretofore been that of a bold and remorseless conqueror. Its young men have been taught to thrill with fierce patriotism at the memory of Crécy or of Waterloo. Seldom has it been permitted to sheathe the sword in India, Asia, America. What it has gained it has owed to force and courage, and its position it has maintained by relentless daring. Its motto has been, *væ victis*. No one who touched the slumbering lion but would be repaid by a sudden ruin. Yet the military vigor of England has been found chiefly dangerous to itself. Amidst debt, poverty, starvation, crime, its suffering people have at last learned to dread the arbitrament of the sword. Its young men will no longer be taught that the slaughter of Agincourt or of Waterloo is the chief glory of England. Even Parliament has ventured to suggest universal arbitration. The English sigh for peace, with Russia pressing down toward the Indus or M'Mahon raising the sword of the Church, and the victor of Europe inculcates a national conscience.

But what will be the effect of its teaching upon the European powers? Can they entertain the thought of peace? We who have had no more powerful enemies than the wandering tribes of the forest or the feeble colonies in our neighborhood can scarcely understand the sad necessity of warfare that has always rested on divided Europe. The nations of Europe have been little more than armed camps. They have slept with the sword by their side. The German has held his post in the heart of the continent only by sleepless courage. The Gaul and the Scythian have never ceased to threaten him. No European kingdom but has been forced to keep up the endless struggle of self-defense for centuries. The first duty of each of its people was to fight for his country's independence. The most eminent of its leaders was he who inflicted the most disastrous overthrow upon its neighbors. Military glory became a necessity, and the red fields of Wörth and Forbach show that even in our own day no country is safe that is not prepared to strike for freedom.

To change all this might seem impossible. Yet the movement in England is encouraging. The remedy lies with the people, and in popular education. If the intelligent population of France and Germany can be imbued with the notion of peace—if the industrial classes of the Continent can be brought to see that all warfare is madness, and national resentments the heritage of barbarism; that Europe has but a common interest, and that the prosperity of one section includes that of all—we may infer that the sharp division into nations may pass away, and that the German will no longer slumber with his arms at his side, or the Frank meditate vengeance over Wörth and Forbach. And whatever else may follow, it is certain that a congress of arbitration would enable Europe to pay its debts, and would spread unexampled ease among a people who have been for ages the victims of war.

THE LATE JAMES CUSHING, JUN.

The death of James Cushing, Jun., one of the recently appointed members of the Board of Education, will prove no common loss to the cause in which he was engaged. He had entered earnestly upon the duties connected with his important office. No one was more keenly alive to the need of a more perfect system of public instruction, or felt more deeply that the highest interests of the city and the country were bound up in the fate of the common schools. All his labors, therefore, since his entrance upon his office had been given to save our system of general education from those who he believed were laboring to destroy it, to improve and elevate the condition of public instruction. He led the minority in the board who demanded a thorough reform in the educational department. His high character and vigorous intellect gave force to his arguments, and had he lived he must have produced a signal change in the views of many of his associates. He might have rescued the Board of Education from politics, and made it the means of diffusing a disinterested zeal for letters.

Mr. Cushing was only forty-one years of age. Yet he had been for a long time connected with the public schools; was School Commissioner in 1858 and 1859, and had also been a ward trustee. He was an active member of the Church of the Divine Paternity (Dr. Chapin's), and for a time President of the Young Men's Universalist Association. He was engaged in mercantile pursuits. Although solicited to accept other public offices, it is stated that he would consent only to be School Commissioner. He died in the service of that cause to which he had given a lasting devotion.

The teachers of our schools are already indebted to him for several important services. He aided in preventing the reduction of their salaries or the abridgment of their privileges; he defended their interests, and was sensible of their value. Had he been able, he would already have begun that thorough reform in our method of instruction which must at last be carried out, to render the teachers and the public schools of New York the firmest support of equality and freedom. He felt that it was because the people were so often uneducated that they were led into measures fatal to their own welfare. He was anxious that all should be educated alike. It is therefore with no common regret for his loss that those who have faith in popular instruction offer their tribute of respect to the high character and generous aims of James Cushing, Jun.

PERSONAL.

The Khedive of Egypt is fast becoming imbued with the ahead-floating spirit of the time. His latest resolve is to found, at his own cost, a commodious public hospital on the heights near Emirghian, and also to establish a public school. Recently he has bought of an Egyptian aristocrat a fine public garden and an adjacent plain containing the legendary tree under which Godfrey de Bouillon is supposed to have encamped on his way to the Crusades. And a fine old tree it must be by this time, as it is just 777 years since G. de B. set out on that little promenade. He was a nice man, was G. de Bouillon—a sort of French Washington; for after he had beaten the roughs at Jerusalem, in June, 1099, the Crusaders, by a fair count, unanimously elected him king of that town, but he refused the title, saying, "he would never accept a crown of gold in a city where his Saviour had worn a crown of thorns." It wasn't much of a kingdom, to be sure; but it was the best they had.

—Professor Agassiz has already a class of fifty picking at the rocks of Penikese and studying natural history without the aid of books. He calls the boys together every morning for a familiar talk, and then tells them to fire away. After supper, it's understood, they get together somewhere, and sing:

> "John Anderson my jo, John,
> We clamb the hill thegither,
> And mony a canty day, John,
> We've had wi' ane anither:
> Now we maun totter doun, John,
> But hand in hand we'll go,
> And blessings on your frosty pow,
> John Anderson my jo."

—Mr. Wilkie Collins's *New Magdalen* is having quite as great a success as a drama as it has as a novel. In Paris it is performed as *La Nouvelle Madeleine;* in Berlin, as *Die Neue Magdalena;* at the Hague, as *De Newe Magdalen;* in Milan, as *La Nuova Maddelena;* in Moscow, as *Novaia Magdalena*. Only the Iberian and the Scandinavian states are without the new play. The sale of the novel, we may add, has been very large in this country, and the demand is unabated.

—Mr. Henry Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, is what the late Dean Richmond would style "sloshing around" London, and taking John Bull by the horns as to his morals. H. W. went one night to Cremorne Gardens, recently reopened with great gush, where there was ball, ballet, opera bouffe, and no end of supper. H. W. gently intimates that the good American who goes there should carry his church letter in his pocket, and look it over now and then for conscience' sake. Watterson did.

—Kate Field is pronounced by the *Woman's Journal* to be a compound of "Mark Twain," John Hay, and Bret Harte, with a propensity for puns which is beyond all control.

—Governor Boutwell made a remark a few days since that is full of pith, viz., that the great cause of the comparative purity of New England government is the large number of Representatives in their respective Legislatures, and that it would be better to have a House of Representatives of one thousand than one hundred.

—M. Brousse, the recently deceased member of the French Chamber of Deputies, bequeathed $80,000 to the poor of his native town, and his residence for the establishment of a school. They have not gone so much into endowing hospitals, colleges, libraries, schools, etc., in France as we have in this country, which is now taking the lead of all countries in that direction; but M. Brousse has given an example that may become infectious even in poor France.

—Baron Reuter's original name was Julius Josaphat. He is a German, of Jewish parents, but in early life became a Christian, taking the name of his friend, Landlath Reuter, in gratitude for many kindnesses. At nineteen, when yet a clerk in a bank, he submitted an original plan to the Russian government for the improvement of its finances, and for this he received from it about three thousand dollars in gold, with which he started in business. Up to 1852 he was comparatively unsuccessful in business, but his disappointments never daunted him. His real greatness commenced when in 1859 the London *Times* was compelled to put his name at the head of its telegrams, for the reason that he was the first who, through his agency in Paris, brought, with full details, the ominous New-Year's speech of the Emperor Napoleon to the Austrian embassador, Baron Hubner, which speech, as it is universally known, was the forerunner of the Italian war.

—Certainly Mr. Henry Watterson's letters from London to the Louisville *Courier-Journal* are the most audacious things we have had of that sort this many a day. He devotes a recent screed to the London *Times*, and smashes that ancient printing-office into the smallest possible pi. Saith Watterson: "I have been reading this stately compound of poppy-cock every morning now for three weeks, having plenty of time to wade through the whole of it, and I must say that of all the illustrations of gammon and presumption furnished by the fogyism of England, it is the most transparent and absurd. It resembles, as far as it resembles any thing, one of those fat, well-dressed butlers whom you will meet at any of the great houses on Park Lane, all insolence and breeches; but, whereas there is a fitness in the butler's obesity and swagger, the rotund deficiency of the *Times* is a constant affront to good manners, common-sense, and ordinary intelligence. The *Times* is printed on faultless paper in large, clear type; and to this extent it is worthy of imitation. It has another virtue, also, which is still higher and rarer—it does not belong to the advertiser, and is, on the whole, to be trusted in small matters. But when it sets up for the first journal in the world, and, by the grace of this pretense, divides its supercilious twaddle into two parts, that which is tediously oracular and that which is helplessly silent, one is disposed to look for some solid internal evidence of power. Thus moved to seek, he will fail to find. To-day's *Times* is, like yesterday's *Times*, a mess of inadequate gabble about European politics, a repetition of last week's editorial flatulencies, a few scraps of desultory and unimportant information, a line or two from America concerning the cotton crop and the Modocs, and a vast and valuable array of crisp and sparkling advertising matter. You will not catch a gleam of sunshine or a ray of humor in the *Times* during a twelvemonth. It is habitually belated with its news. Written in feeble and finished English it is; but that is all." Mr. W. hesitates not to say that there is as good editorial writing on the New York press as on the London, *Times* included; and that in point of news and general ability they are surpassed by such Western papers as the Chicago *Tribune* and Cincinnati *Commercial*.

—Should no change take place in the direction of public affairs by which the British premiership may again fall to Disraeli, it is quite likely that he will visit the U. S. the coming autumn, take a run over to San Francisco, and thence around the globe by way of Siberia and China.

—Mr. Charles Reade has addressed to the Utica *Observer* a capital letter in reference to his libel suits and the charge of writing indecent books and plays. His libel suits amount to two only. In the English suit the jury gave Mr. Reade a verdict; and Mr. Justice Brett, in his opinion on the case, says, "I can not find in this play, from the beginning to the end, a single passage that to my mind would bear the complexion of an indecent allusion; and therefore, so far from being able to say the verdict of the jury in calling this an unfair criticism of the piece was wrong, I feel bound to say that in my opinion the verdict was absolutely right." Then, on the question of damages, he said to this effect: "I hope the day will never come in England when it shall be thought a small offense for an author to write indecently, in the true and fair meaning of that word; and, by the same rule, I hope meritorious authors will never feel bound to submit to a false accusation of indecency, and fear to come here in full assurance that they shall find that same impartial justice which we owe as much to them as to any other citizen unjustly defamed." There can be no doubt that the motives which impelled Mr. Reade's traducers were simply envious and discreditable; and the highest legal tribunal of England has not only adjudged that to be the fact, but added its approval of his course in defending the moral character of his works; and in extorting apologies from some and damages from others he has, in an outright, manly way, "upheld the dignity and self-respect of an author and a gentleman."

—Rev. C. H. Payson writes from the East that an important discovery has recently been made by a missionary, half Jew, half Arab, but connected with the English society. It consists of a Samaritan copy of the five books of Moses, which is acknowledged to be one of the oldest manuscripts in the world, and which the Samaritans of Nablous assert was made by a grandson of Aaron 3500 years ago. Antiquarians generally concede that the copy is more than 2000 years old; and the record of the synagogue in which it was found has been regularly kept by priests since many hundred years B.C.

—The excellent and graceful but somewhat pinguid Brignoli is having a good time in Paris. He recently sang at a private musical soirée given by an ex-American countess in Paris. At the same soirée, and in a duet with Brignoli, sang Miss Read, sister of Mrs. P. Stevens. Miss R. is said to possess a high soprano voice of rarest quality, which she uses with sentiment and faultless execution. Brignoli keeps on the even tenor and soprano of his way, as usual, not waddling much about in operas, for he doesn't show on the stage; but in "society" he glitters.

—Sir Edwin Landseer, on account of age and mental incapacity, is not permitted to manage his business affairs, and his estate is in the control of a committee. Sir Robert Peel has sued them for the purpose of establishing his right to a picture. In the year 1856 the present Emperor of Russia sent to Lady Emily Peel two valuable dogs as a memorial of his coronation, at which her husband, Sir Robert Peel, had been present. Sir Robert commissioned Sir Edwin Landseer to paint a picture of his wife attended by these dogs. The price was fixed at 900 guineas, the right of engraving, however, being reserved. The picture was commenced in 1858, but has never been finished. In 1872 it was exhibited at the Royal Academy. Sir Robert Peel then instructed his solicitors to apply to Sir Edwin's committee to deliver the picture up to him, as he had heard that it was offered for sale. The committee had meantime sold it to Mr. Eaton for £1500, subject to the approval of the Master in Lunacy. They do not deny Sir Robert's claim to the painting, but say its fair market value is £1500. Sir Robert Peel does not think, on the other hand, that he can be required to pay more than 900 guineas, the price fixed originally by Sir Edwin, and thought he was entitled to some reduction on account of the unfinished state of the picture. Sir Robert's counsel on June 13 moved for an injunction to restrain the committee from parting with the picture or from confirming the sale to Mr. Eaton. Vice-Chancellor Malins made an order by consent that the picture should be deposited at Coutts's Bank until the hearing of the cause.

—A fresh picture of Benjamin Franklin has come to the knowledge of admirers of that superior person. It is a pastel, has an authenticated history, and is now in possession of Dr. D. R. Franklin, of Newburgh, New York.

—Mr. Charles Hale has succeeded to the editorship of the Boston *Globe*, one of the best papers in New England, and under his direction destined to assume a foremost rank among the journals of the day. Mr. Hale made a good reputation as consul-general in Egypt, and showed his capacity while Assistant Secretary of State; but the position for which, more than any other, he is peculiarly adapted is that of an editor. Journalism runs in his family. No pent-up Boston will contract his powers so long as he can direct the destinies of the whole *Globe*, as he will be sure to do with entire success.

—We notice by the London papers that Mr. J. M. Bellew recently gave a very fine dinner to "Mark Twain" at the Langham Hotel, London. The bill of fare and the bill of company appear to have been exceptionally good and clever. Among the guests were Wilkie Collins, Edmund Yates, Frith, the painter, John Oxenford, of the London *Times*, Henry Irving, and four or five other notables. Mr. Twain made a speech full of humor, and the whole affair was quite brilliant.

Note.—This, we believe, is the first "return dinner" that English literary folk have given in return for the very many that have been given here to the British ink-shedders who have beamed upon America during the last year.

—The Prince de Joinville, in a recent speech in France, quoted President Lincoln as having told him, in response to a question as to his policy, "I have no settled policy. This is my line of conduct: when the tent of government is shaken I try to secure it by fixing a fresh peg to stay it, or else I hammer at the others to drive them deeper." The prince then asserted that he only wished to keep the "tent of government" steady, and would endeavor to supply new pegs or strengthen the hold of old ones to effect his purpose.

—General William O. Butler, of Mexican war fame, who has lived at Carrollton, Kentucky, for seventy-six years, has two brothers, one eighty-four, the other eighty, and a cousin who is ninety years of age, all residing in the same town. In 1848, while in Mexico, the general was nominated for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with General Cass. He has since resided quietly at his home in Carrollton, and although eighty-three, never walks less than six miles a day for exercise.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The latest official report on the condition of the national banks shows it to be in nearly all cases sound.

Dies for the new trade dollar have been forwarded to the mints at Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Carson City, Nevada.

A fire occurred in the Navy Department, at Washington, District of Columbia, July 15, destroying many valuable records, and doing $10,000 injury to the building.

The Board of Aldermen of this city has adjourned till September without confirming the mayor's nominations for police justices.

Captain Phillips, of the wrecked steam-ship *City of Washington*, has been suspended from duty for one year by the court of inquiry.

FOREIGN NEWS.

An important debate took place in the British House of Lords on the 14th inst., on a petition of 483 clergymen to introduce the "confessional" into the Anglican Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury said there was good cause for alarm, and the power of bishops to remedy abuses should be increased. The Bishop of Salisbury declared the confessional was so contrary to British feelings that it could never be introduced. The 483 petitioners, he added, constituted only two and a half per cent. of the clerical body of the Church. After further remarks, the motion was negatived. The Queen, July 17, responded favorably to the address of the Commons advising the permanent establishment of a system of international arbitration for the settlement of differences between governments. The response was loudly cheered.

The bill abolishing the powers of the English House of Lords as a court of appeals has passed in committee.

Queen Victoria has given her assent to the marriage of Prince Alfred with the Grand Duchess Marie-Alexandrovna.

Edward Miall, the leader of the English Dissenters, had a reception at the London Crystal Palace July 18, and was given a testimonial purse of $50,000.

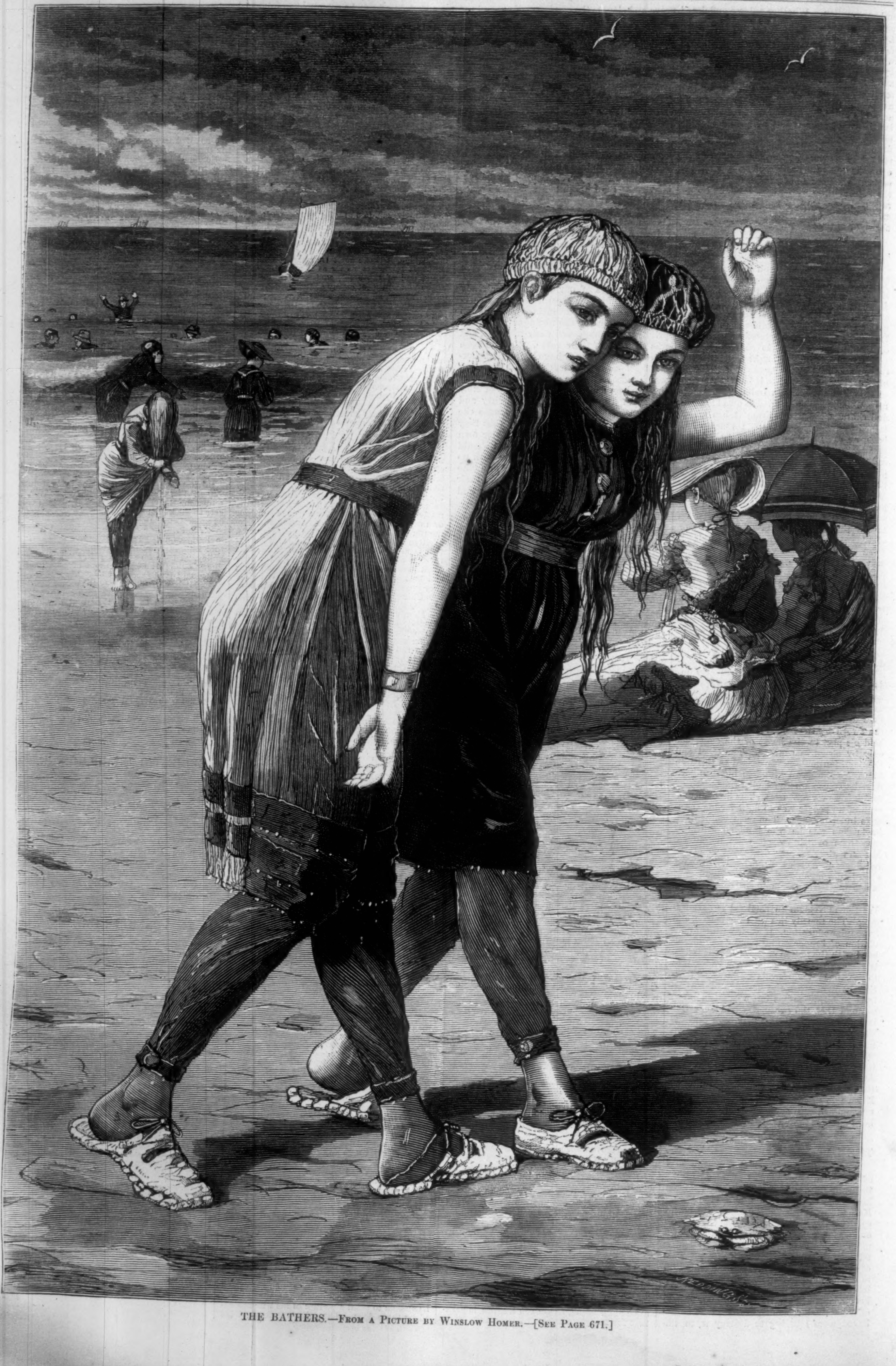
The Khan of Khiva has signed a convention to pay two millions of rubles indemnity within ten years, in virtue of which he is confirmed on the throne. The Russian troops continue to occupy Kungrad, and will construct a new fort on the Oxus, near Khiva.

Oscar and Sophia were crowned King and Queen of Norway July 18.

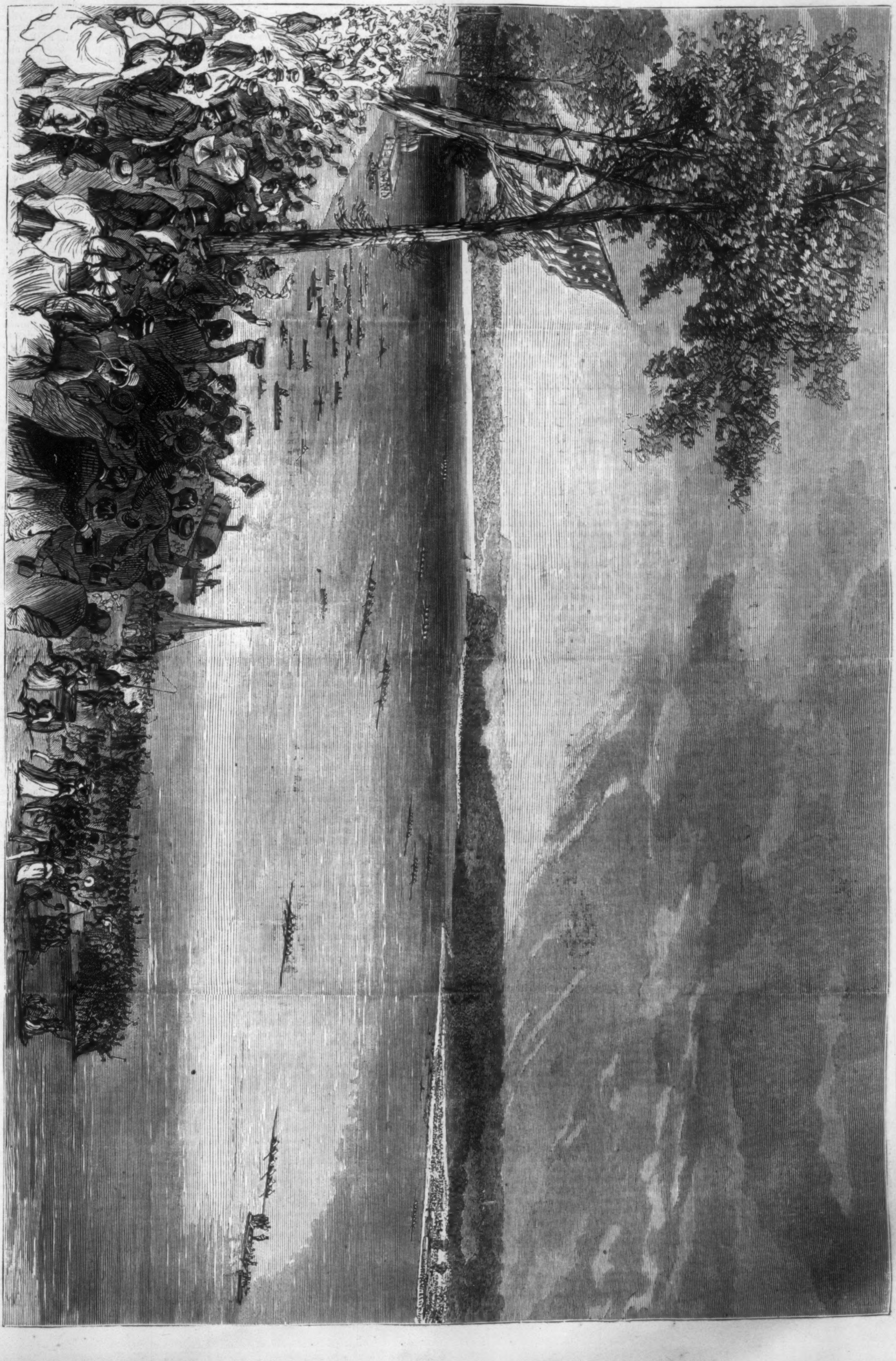
The government of Spain has issued a decree annulling all edicts sequestrating rebel property in Cuba. Several thousand muskets for the Carlist troops have been landed on the Biscay coast, and distributed to recruits. Don Carlos has re-entered Spain, and issued a proclamation calling on the God of armies, and promising to fight for the "cause." The curé of Santa Cruz has resumed his clerical robes, and seeks forgiveness of the Pope. He has fled to France, and the Spanish government calls for his extradition as a common criminal. The French refuse to deliver him up.

The Emperor of China, June 29, granted an audience to the diplomatic body at Pekin. The wording of the edict granting the audience is deemed insulting.

The rinderpest prevails among the cattle in Russia, and the German government has for the time prohibited the importation of the animals.



THE BATHERS.—From a Picture by Winslow Homer.—[See Page 671.]



THE SPRINGFIELD UNIVERSITY REGATTA—THE FINISH.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 670.]

THE SPRINGFIELD REGATTA.

THIS year Yale carries off all the honors, having won both the Freshman and the University races. The excitement and interest surpassed every thing that had been witnessed in former contests, and the attendance was unprecedented in numbers. Ladies formed a large proportion of the spectators, and their enthusiasm was not to be quenched by the discomfort of the drizzling rain which began to fall early in the afternoon. The course has already been fully described in the *Weekly*, and we need only recall to the recollection of our readers the fact that it is nearly straight at the commencement and then bends slightly toward the east. The sight of the start must be fine, but as the interest centres in the close, the great crowd is always near the latter point. Half a mile from the finish a platform of planks, arranged as a sort of grand stand, afforded a splendid point of view, marred in this instance, however, by the absence of protection from the rain. At the finish was erected another grand stand, which was covered with canvas; but this, while more comfortable than the other, possessed the disadvantage that from it, owing to the bend in the river, one could see only the close of the race. Those who were anxious to see the final triumph only took up their position here; while those who wanted to see more of the race, and were not afraid of a little rain, wandered up and down the shore in search of more advantageous points of view. Others, embarking in punts and boats of every description, crossed over to the western bank, where they could command a view of nearly one-half the course, including the finish. This bank was lined with teams and crowded with spectators.

The Freshman race was started at 4.13½ P.M., Amherst having the position nearest the west bank, and Yale and Harvard next in the order named. Harvard was the first to get away, taking the lead, with Yale second, and Amherst last. About half a mile from the start Harvard, finding the Yale men creeping up, put on a spurt, but were unable to shake off their plucky antagonists, who were in turn closely pressed by the Amherst crew. When opposite the Dartmouth head-quarters Harvard again made a vigorous and spirited spurt; but Yale, pulling a steady and telling stroke, drew alongside and passed them. The Harvard men, who started with a stroke of 33 to the minute, were now pulling 38, but Yale still kept on with their long, steady sweep of about 32 to 34. As the Amherst quarters were reached Yale obtained a clear lead, while the Amherst crew passed by the Harvards, who gradually dropped astern. From this point to the finish of the race these relative positions were maintained, Yale coming in the winners by about two lengths, Amherst coming in next, with Harvard at least five lengths astern. The time of the winners was 17 minutes and 53 seconds.

The chief interest of the day centred, of course, in the University race. After considerable delay the boats got into position as follows, numbering from the west bank: Amherst, 1; Massachusetts Agricultural, 2; Yale, 3; Harvard, 4; Columbia, 5; Wesleyan, 6; Williams, 7; Dartmouth, 8; Trinity, 9; Bowdoin, 10; Cornell, 11. The signal for the boats to start was given at 6.06 P.M. The water at this hour was as smooth as glass, with scarcely a breath of wind blowing; but the drizzling rain still rendered it very disagreeable for the spectators along the banks and in the numerous small boats which held positions in the river.

The boats started on nearly equal terms; but after a few strokes the Harvard colors gradually drew a little to the front, closely pressed by Cornell and Yale, the latter gradually quickening upon their training stroke. Bowdoin, Columbia, Wesleyan, and Amherst were about on even terms; Dartmouth, Trinity, Williams, and the Agriculturals bringing up the rear. Opposite the Dartmouth head-quarters Cornell and Bowdoin put on a spurt, but were unable to overtake the leading boat. The Dartmouth men here crept up to the front, being well over on the west shore. The Amherst, who had been slightly losing way, also put on a little quicker stroke, and drew their boat forward, but failed to catch the Harvard and Yale crews, who were pulling a particularly lively and telling stroke. The Columbia men were striving their utmost, and, considering that one of their crew was sick from an accident, were fully maintaining their reputation and the credit of their college. Much to the surprise of those who had witnessed their performances while at practice, the Agriculturals began to drop astern, and the Trinity and Williams crews were evidently in distress.

When the mile and a half post was reached, it was clear that the race was reduced to a contest between Harvard, Yale, Wesleyan, Amherst, Cornell, and Dartmouth, Harvard then leading all the rest by about two lengths. But from this point the Yale, Wesleyan, and Amherst crews gradually gained upon Harvard, and as they neared the finish it was impossible for the spectators on shore to tell which had the better chance of first crossing the line. As the decisive moment approached, the excitement on shore became uproarious, the partisans of each crew vying with each other in cheering their favorites. Up to the instant of crossing the lines the result was in apparent doubt; but the partisans of Harvard, imagining in their excitement that their favorites had won the race, set up a tremendous and prolonged cheering, which infected the judges on the press boat to such a degree that, without waiting for reports from the judges stationed at the line flags on shore, they called the Harvard boat, and presented them with the champion flags!

The injustice of this precipitate action was soon apparent. The judges, at the time the boats crossed the line, were on a steamer some distance in the rear, and could not possibly observe with any approach to accuracy the position of the several boats as they crossed. The first intimation of their folly was received when the Yale crew rowed alongside, and in a courteous but firm manner asserted their right to the flags. Upon this arose the question to whom they did belong, and the referee, after hearing the statements of the Yale men, went ashore and proceeded to take testimony. That testimony was, almost without dissent, that Yale was the first crew over the line. The testimony further developed the fact that the Wesleyan crew was second, and that Harvard, instead of being first, as at first supposed, was really the third in the race. The position of the boats, as shown in our illustration on page 669, was as follows at the decisive moment: When Yale crossed the line at the judges' float, a little west of the centre of the river, the Wesleyans were close in their rear, pulling steadily; the Harvard men, who had picked a course near the eastern bank, were then several lengths from the line flag on that bank; close in the rear of the Wesleyans was the Amherst boat, followed by the others in the order named—Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Agriculturals, and Trinity. The line was crossed without material change from these positions. Williams was far in the rear. It is possible that an American flag which decorated a stand on the east bank some distance above the line flag may have occasioned the mistake of the judges in regard to Harvard.

As we have said, Yale carries off all the honors; but, all things considered, every crew did well, and among the defeated competitors none have reason to feel downcast or humiliated. Yale crossed the line in 16 minutes and 59 seconds from the time of starting; the Wesleyans in 17 minutes and 9 seconds; and Harvard in 17 minutes and 36½ seconds. The others were close behind in point of time. So ended the University Regatta of July 17, 1873.

LOVE AND LOGGING.

LOUISA's father had gone off with the ox team up into the woods, sixty miles away, to make the camp before the winter's logging should begin. She felt very lonely as soon as he was out of sight, for more reasons than one. In the first place, there was nobody at home but little Tim, who could dig the paths, to be sure, and look after the cattle; grandmother, who was companionable enough, with her stories of old times, but a care more than a protector; and Susette, who helped about the house, but was only a child. The second reason was that she had quarreled with Ben; and last, but not least, he and her uncle Simon had driven off on the ox team with her father. If there had ever been a time since their quarrel when she had felt disposed to make it up, it was when the ox team had disappeared from sight and it was impossible to do so.

The fact of the case was that Ben had been looking upon Louisa as his own property ever since he could remember. He had beaued her to and from singing-school; he had helped her out with her hard problems at district school, and had carried her home on his sled; at quilting, sewing circle, or picnic he had chosen her for his partner in the dance, had paid his forfeits to her, and had revolved about her daily. And she had seemed to relish the whole thing till she went away to the city one winter to work in a milliner's shop, and so came home quite out of conceit with country living and country men, and had rather given Ben the cold shoulder, refusing his gifts and attentions, and showing pretty plainly that she looked higher. But Ben, with the instincts of a free-born American, felt himself as good as any body, and charged her one day with having come by hifalutin ideas of herself and life in the city, which didn't in the least become her, and averred that she couldn't do better than to marry him.

"Well, Mr. Benjamin Thurman, I hope you're conceited enough," she answered him. "Marry you! I won't say but you're well enough yourself; but to live in this slow, backwoods fashion forever would be the death of me; and not so much as a lecture or concert to while away the time; to be wearing homespun all my days, and worrying about the crops. Oh dear, no, thank you; I've had enough of hard times. I believe I'll wait a while before I settle down."

"Perhaps there's somebody else?" ventured Ben.

"No, I can't say that there is; though I don't mind telling you that I didn't come home single for want of a chance. He had a house too, in the suburbs, and a housekeeper, and he said I never should bring the water to wash my hands."

"And why didn't you marry him?" asked Ben, frigidly.

"Oh, he didn't exactly suit me; he'd lost his front teeth and his hearing. 'There's as good fish in the sea as ever yet were caught,'" she sang, gayly.

"Well," said Ben, rising, and looking blue lightnings, "on the whole, I'm glad that you won't marry me, for you've got no more heart than an adder." And then he could have bitten his tongue out for saying what wasn't true, when his heart was almost breaking for love of her; and if she had showed that she was wounded, by word or look, he was ready to abase himself beneath her feet, and take it all back.

"You're amazing polite, Mr. Thurman, I must say," she returned. "I'm sorry you asked for what you didn't want, because it would have been awkward if I hadn't refused. I didn't know that this was the way folks made love—calling names, when I've always treated you well."

"Treated me well with a vengeance!" cried Ben, his face white as a star, and his eyes like thunder-bolts. "Do you call it handsome treatment to let me go on loving you year after year, while it strengthened with my strength, without a hint that you couldn't return measure for measure? And then to go back upon a fellow, and throw him over because he doesn't live like a nabob, though he loved the ground you walked on, and thought nothing too hard to do for you! If that's what you call treating me well, good-by—I don't want ever to see you again."

Louisa had been looking at him with sparkling eyes. She rather liked to see him angry; it was vastly becoming. And then he loved her so desperately. She felt a strange, delightful thrill at her heart, as if it responded secretly. She had half a mind to go to him and hold out her arms and be clasped to his beating heart, and forget ambition and luxury and choose rather a heaven on earth; and while she hesitated he had said, "Good-by—I don't want ever to see you again—good-by."

"I return the sentiment," said she, instead. "I believe I can live without you. Good-by." And when he was safely out of sight she took revenge in a good cry.

But now that he was gone she began to find how much she had depended upon him, how much more his mere presence was to her than any dream of worldly prosperity however golden. Perhaps but for this breach she might never have known how dear he was to her, nor how little she valued the superfluities of life in comparison. Well, one of the three was to return before the winter's season of logging began in order to lay in provisions for the camp—as they had only taken up enough for a week or ten days—and perhaps Ben would be the one to come; in which case he could hardly avoid bringing her some word of her father and uncle. And then who could predict but he might think it worth his while to reiterate his love in his eloquent style? And then Louisa laughed wickedly at the prospect, and decided that if he was enough in love to do thus and thus, it would be safe for her beyond a peradventure to take her own time about making up, to show a supreme indifference to his regard. No more heart than an adder indeed! What was it, then, that ached so day after day, as the dull, cold November wind sighed about the house and touched the neighboring pines into Æolian harps and swept up the dead leaves only to scatter them again? Why was she always straining her eyes down the frost-whitened country road? And what was it that trembled in her bosom whenever a speck appeared against the frosty sky? But Louisa had reckoned without her host. Ben was not the man who was fond of reiterating a love that had been received so coldly. He didn't mean to leave the woods till March, if he could hold out so long. Moreover, it was Mr. Bruce himself who proposed to go back with the ox team and bring the supplies and hire the men.

"I don't feel quite right about the head," said he, "and I want Louisa to cosset me. Then I'll go out to Shopton and see Scales and Weight about the supplies, and be back before you and Si have eat up all this 'ere victuals."

"All right, Sir," said Ben, smothering a twinge of disappointment which he wouldn't own to himself. "We'll get the hovel ready for the cattle while you're off, and take a tramp through the woods and spot the best timber for felling."

"There's enough to do," said Uncle Simon. "You'll be back in five days, say?"

"If I'm lucky. How's the stores, Si?"

"Good for a week, I should say, such as they are. But the sooner you get back the better. It 'll be a sight easier for you if you can manage to get up before a heavy snow comes. You see, we haven't had any thing but spits yet, though maybe we're going to hev an open winter."

"Ay, ay," answered Mr. Bruce, as he drove off through the woods with the ox team. "Provisions for a week, eh? That 'll tide ye over, I reckon. There's a sight of work to be got through with in a week's time. There's the supplies to be got, and the hands to be hired: lemme see—five cutters, two teamsters, and a cook; that's about it, and to hev 'em ready to start when I do, and I ain't so young as I was. Heyday, it's rub and grind a lumberman's life is!"

Alas! there was more work to be gotten through with in a week's time than Mr. Bruce had an inkling of; so much that it ran over into the next week, as work has a trick of doing.

When Louisa saw that it was only her old father trudging along with the returning ox team her mercury went down to zero in half a second. She saw before her a weary three months of loneliness and longing, and she saw, too, that she deserved it.

"It's a deuced cold day for an old man," said Mr. Bruce, shivering before the wood fire, as if there should have been special sets of weather created to suit customers. "What's that you've got cooking on the crane, Lu? Stew? I ain't got no more appetite than a bear in August. Brindle and Trot were slow as cold molasses; they've seen their best days, I reckon, like their master. Wish I'd swapped 'em to Dunn for the yearlings and boot; it would hev bin a good bargain. Si sent his love to you, Lu. I've got a cold. I reckon I'll turn in and sleep it off."

"They oughtn't have let you come," said Lu, indignantly, as she carried him a bottle of hot water for his feet. "Uncle Si or Ben ought to have come instead."

"It wa'n't their fault; I thought I could drive a better bargain with the hands. Ben said he'd come in my place, but his heart wa'n't set on it," which assurance in no wise comforted Louisa.

Mr. Bruce was restless all night, and in the morning was out of his head, and didn't know his right hand from his left, and called Louisa Ben, and asked grandma to put the oxen into the cart, mistaking her for Uncle Simon. And Louisa, half frightened to death, jumped upon old Roan's back and galloped all the way to Shopton for the nearest doctor.

"Ahem! Nothing more nor less than a fever," said he, the instant he laid eyes on Mr. Bruce. "Is he dangerous?" asked Louisa.

"Dangerous? Oh, I guess he'll pull through. I'll leave this prescription, and be round to-morrow. There's Mr. Maverick, of the tavern—Maverick's tavern, at our place—had the same symptoms a week ago, and he's about to-day. There's no telling about these things; different constitutions take diseases differently. At least, you needn't be alarmed at present. *Good*-morning," with an emphasis on the good. Louisa thought it was any thing but a good morning, after the comfort of his professional presence was withdrawn. But the next day her father was no better, nor yet the next, though the doctor assured her that he was doing as well as could be expected, whatever that might be.

Louisa was too busy, and weary with watching and nursing, cooking and looking after the house, and seeing to grandma's cold, and keeping order and quiet among the children, to take note of the sick man's delirious words, though he was constantly talking about the camp, sixty miles away—where her own thoughts wandered whenever she had time to think them—bargaining with imaginary teamsters, haggling with Scales and Weight over groceries, and repeating, "Provisions for a week, for a week, for a week," and counting the days on his fingers and losing the count, and beginning over again and again, as if it were a puzzle upon the solution of which his life depended. And so the fever ran to the ninth day and turned, and the patient fell into a quiet sleep, and awoke too weak and languid to put words together, or to remember any thing but that he had suffered a fearful nightmare and it was over. It was perhaps the third day after the fever turned that he suddenly took up the thread of life where he had dropped it, and asked, "How long have I been a-laying here, Lu?"

"Twelve days."

"Where's Ben and Uncle Si?"

"Why, you left 'em in camp, father."

"Left 'em in camp! Twelve days ago," he gasped, "with a week's provisions! I shouldn't wonder if they were both in heaven by this time! What hev you bin thinking of all this while, eh?"

"I didn't know they had only a week's provisions," said Louisa, showing a ghastly face; "and I had to look after you and the fever."

"Well, don't wait another minute round me; just harness up old Roan and Quickstep, and take some brandy and things—and don't let 'em eat all they want; make gruel; keep 'em short. Come, start yourself, and don't be standing still like a ghost and folks a-dying for lack of you."

"And you?"

"I'll take care of myself, and so'll grandma. Roan and Quickstep can do the distance by night-fall. Take my gun to keep off the wolves, and little Tim, and a lantern."

"But how shall I find the way?" Louisa was already inside her pelisse and mufflers.

"Bless you, a baby couldn't miss it; the trees are notched with a star, every half mile, on the left-hand side. There, take Tim, and be off."

And as there was not an able-bodied man short of Shopton at that season who wasn't off logging, and as grandma and Susette could take care of her patient, and Ben was starving without her, what could she do but go?

And how were they faring in the camp, sixty miles away in the heart of the wood, which was almost like a primeval forest? After Mr. Bruce's departure they had gone about their work with a will; while Uncle Simon was busy on the hovel for the cattle, Ben had walked miles and miles through the sweet-scented wood, spotting the timber; and suns had risen and set, when one morning, before the week was out, Uncle Simon was surprised to see the bottom of the meal-chest.

"Tough luck!" said he, briefly; "but there's swamp pork to eke it out." And he plunged his hand confidently into the pickle, and had something of a chase after two or three insignificant pieces. The two men looked at each other in dismay for an instant.

"But he'll be back day after to-morrow," said Ben.

"But what if he shouldn't?" asked the older man, not so sanguine.

"What can keep him? At any rate, we've got legs of our own."

"Precious stiff ones mine are! It would be a nice excursion, sixty miles afoot. Why, we shall freeze to death!"

"Well, let's wait; no use running from your shadow."

And so they waited.

"He'll be sure to come to-morrow," was the assurance with which they comforted each other; and when to-morrow passed without bringing him, "We will wait another day; perhaps the oxen were disabled on the road." For a storm had set in, cold and blustering; not much snow; just enough to make the world lovely. The wind sang among the pines like the voice of angry water-courses, and splintered great boughs in the forest, and uprooted blasted trees, and seemed like an invisible presence haunting the recesses of the wood—some impersonation of Thor, whose touch was a blow; and all the while the snow built up its Aladdin palaces, crystal by crystal; wreathed about the living green, tapestried every boulder, hid the dead leaves and hollows under the screen, for it was by no means deep; the weather was too bitter cold for more than a light fall, just enough to drape nature gracefully in its folds, and give a promise of more to come.

Before the sky had cleared the last mouthful of food had vanished, and except for a partridge that Ben had made shift to kill with a club—for there were no fire-arms yet in camp—and a rabbit taken in a rude trap of their own constructing, they had not eaten any thing for two days. But they were robust men, who would have a tough fight with starvation before succumbing; and then there was no lack of water.

In the mean while they were almost as much concerned for Mr. Bruce as for themselves. He might have lost his way, they feared, or been overtaken by the storm or the wolves; he might come into camp any moment too far reduced to help himself, and need their weak assistance. Since their stomachs were idle, their brains became correspondingly active with fearful imaginations. Every day they proposed setting out to walk home—but perhaps he would come to-morrow; and then they hated to desert their post; besides, the weather was stinging cold, and, reduced by hunger, they might faint by the way, frost-bitten, or, unarmed, encounter Indian devils and wolves! Whatever he might be able to endure himself, Ben felt that Uncle Simon's strength was utterly inadequate to the struggle. They were beset with a thousand peradventures; there was not only a lion in the way, but all manner of perils, real and imaginary. So they waited, perforce, watching the days vanish in a tender dream of color, and the stars make their silent journey across the deeps of heaven, and the mornings dawn as the rose blooms, unfolding petal after petal of exquisite bloom. They busied themselves still about the camp and hovel, giving a thousand last touches, such as they would never have thought of giving at another time, gathering fire-wood, and setting the rabbit trap in vain. And one day the axe fell from Ben's resolute hand, and he just dragged himself inside the camp, and stretched himself before the fire. Uncle Simon had already given out.

"Walking home could hardly have been worse," Ben said, simply. Perhaps he was thinking of somebody who might have met him, kindly, at the journey's end, in view of the dangers he had passed.

"Perhaps Bruce 'll come yet," returned Uncle Simon.

Through a chink in the camp door Ben watched the sunset fade like a fire among the woods, and one by one the stars shine out, each in its appointed solitude, and the northern lights palpitate rosily along the sky. The howling of wolves echoed dismally, while now and then a branch cracked in the forest, and the wind trebled among the pines. Inside the fire made a comfortable glow, under the influence of which he was soon nodding off to sleep, when through the fog of his semi-consciousness he seemed to hear a sort of ringing in his ears, at first a mere thread of sound, then louder and nearer, as if every tree in the forest was a church steeple with all the bells a-swinging. Then he heard no more till a smothered groan from Uncle Simon caused him to raise himself upon his elbow. The fire was still snapping and blazing brightly, and the form and profile of a woman was shadowed forth upon the wall of the camp—a very familiar face and figure it was, too, that appeared to be bending over something that was cooking on the fire. Was it the excited action of his brain that photographed Louisa Bruce on the wall? If so, he prayed that it might last forever. Then he turned his head languidly toward the fire, and met a pair of eyes that had shone for him all his life with the fascination of a will-o'-the-wisp. Were they still to haunt him across the confines of this world?

"If you are awake, Ben, you had better taste this gruel that I have made for you," said Louisa, quietly. "You must be nearly famished."

"How came *you* here?" was all the answer Ben vouchsafed.

"You are mighty polite if you are 'most starved. Who else could come, and father not able to lift his head? I brought Tim; he is putting up the horses. It's no such pleasant journey either, I can tell you, between the wolves and the frost, not to mention a cold welcome. Come, ain't you going to take something? Here's broth and brandy and gruel—take your choice."

"Nay, you shall choose for me," said Ben. "Listen. Unless you take back the words you spoke when we met last, unless you give me back love for love, I swear I will not taste a morsel of any thing you have to offer. I'll stay here and starve rather than take a crumb of comfort from your hand."

"What did I say?" asked Louisa, meekly.

"You said that you could live without me."

"Oh yes, I suppose I could, but I shouldn't want to."

"But you refused to marry me."

"Certainly, because you didn't want to marry a girl with no more heart than an adder, Ben."

"I want to marry *you*, heart or no heart."

"Very well; have some broth first, won't you?"

And then Tim came in, and Uncle Simon awoke, and there was an end of starvation in camp.

SEA-BATHERS.

DURING bathing hours, at this season of the year, the beaches at all our fashionable sea-side resorts present the most animated and, it must be confessed, most grotesque spectacle. Nothing could be prettier or more bewitching than the sight of a charming young woman in an elegant and tasteful bathing costume, as she trips over the sand from the dressing-house down to the water's edge; but there the enchantment ends. There is nothing particularly attractive in a crowd of heads bobbing up and down in the water, though there may be a great deal of enjoyment in the sport itself, when the temperature of the water is at just the right degree, and the surf lively enough to give exhilaration without the sense of danger.

But coming out! According to the old fable Venus sprang from the sea, but she was encumbered with no other bathing costume than her own luxuriant and flowing locks, or painters and sculptors would never have immortalized the story in color or in marble. Can it be that this dripping, bedraggled, forlorn object who comes slowly from the water is the nymph-like creature who excited such admiration a few minutes ago? What a laughable disillusion! But there is a strange fascination about sea-bathing which sustains its votaries under all the attacks of ridicule, to say nothing of the admiration which a pretty woman in a tasteful bathing costume is sure to attract as she trips down to the surf, or saunters along the beach previous to the fatal plunge which will rob her of this attractiveness. The pretty figures in the foreground of Mr. WINSLOW HOMER's charming picture on page 668 are perhaps an exception to the general rule, and illustrate the advantages of a costume peculiarly adapted to a graceful exit from the bath.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WE have just taken up at random one of our city daily newspapers. Of course it contains the usual standard captions such as "Horrible Murder," "Awful Casualty," "Unknown Suicide," etc. Let us run the eye along, and see what this small single sheet offers to the public to-day: "A Man Boiled Alive;" "Cholera and Rinderpest;" "Outrage on an English Actor;" "Send your Children out of this Furnace;" "South Oyster Bay Tragedy;" "Found in a Well;" "No Clew to the Mysterious Murder;" "Unwholesome Meat;" "The Outrage of the Day;" "A Monstrous Attempt;" "Pest Ship in the Lower Bay;" "Burglars' latest Dodge;" "International Cock Fight;" "Arrested for Murder;" "Killing of Morrison;" "Sheriff Street Tragedy;" "Suicide of an Unknown Woman." But we pause, though not because we have come to the end of the list. These headings are actually taken from a New York daily which lies before us. Nor is the reading matter presented specially unlike what many other papers contain. It is the fashion to gather up as many sensational items as possible. It would seem that a newspaper of the period, to meet the popular taste, must contain a large variety of horrible dishes served up with all manner of condiments. We turn away from the dreadful record impressed with the conviction that the world is constantly growing worse—that crime is rapidly increasing. Good old people shake their heads, and say it was not so in their day. But before we despairingly yield to the belief that the moral tone of the community has hopelessly degenerated, let us consider the great increase in population within the last half century—that *much more is done* nowadays than in the days of our fathers, not of evil only, but also of good, and that the natural tendency of the rapid increase of journalism is to bring before the public whatever happens. Remembering these things, we may feel that the whole world is not quite hopelessly bad. Yet it is most unfortunate that so much publicity is given by the press to details of shameless and atrocious crimes. Our newspapers are thus rendered both unpleasant and unsuitable for family reading. The finer sensibilities of the community are blunted, the constant reader becomes disgusted or demoralized. Can not a higher standard be raised, and public sentiment be gradually educated to give hearty approval and support to a purer journalistic literature?

Newport wakes up slowly this year. The crowd has not yet drifted into the place. Indeed, a complaint has been made to the effect that it is too quiet there, and that the "season" will not fairly commence until the last of this month. The truth is that we have had an unusual amount of cool weather this summer, and people have been contented and comfortable at home.

A curious dream of childhood seems to have greatly influenced the late Hiram Powers in the choice of his profession. In 1851, in writing to a cousin concerning his "Greek Slave," which had been exhibited in Woodstock, he said: "This almost verifies an often-repeated dream of mine in all respects but one. It was this: I used to see in my sleep, when a child, a white female figure across the river just below your father's house; it stood upon a pillar or pedestal, was naked, and to my eyes very beautiful; but the water was between me and it, too deep to ford. I had a strong desire to see it nearer, but was always prevented by the river, which was always high. This dream ceased years after, when I began to model. Altogether, one may conclude that this—the dream—was not entirely a phantom. At that time I had no wakeful thoughts of sculpture, nor had I ever seen any thing likely to excite such a dream." At another time, when alluding to his being long haunted by this dream, he said, "At that time I had never seen nor heard of any thing in the way of sculpture."

Maine robins should have the palm for courage. A Bangor cat having had the audacity to catch a pretty little fledgeling, two brave robins alighted on her and violently picked her head and back until she relinquished her prey.

A rare arithmetical performance has been for some years a matter of interest in the Hebrew Educational Society School of New Orleans. The problem set before the pupils was to multiply 9 by 9, and 81 by 81, and so on, using each succeeding product as its own multiplier, repeating the operation nine times. After a few steps the work becomes stupendous and discouraging. A handsome prize had been offered to the one who should first accomplish this feat of multiplication. The girls showed more perseverance than the boys in working at this problem; and finally, after many weeks of patient labor, a young girl completed the task. The work comprises 263 numeral compounds and 90,000 figures, and the whole covers four or five square yards of paper.

An exchange mentions how to make a "dainty drink" for warm summer days as follows:

"Half fill a china punch-bowl with slices of pine-apple (the rind cut therefrom) and lemon cut very thin, arranged in alternate layers, each layer being strewed with white granulated sugar. Pour over the fruit as much claret wine as will fill the bowl; cover closely, and let it stand six hours; then put in a piece of ice, and when cold turn into it a bottle of plain soda-water, and serve in large goblets with slices of pine-apple and lemon."

Marienburg, Germany, sends a sad story of a little boy only ten years old. He was attending school, and though of a feeble constitution, was known to be a willing and diligent scholar. One day his master found him inattentive, and, instead of suspecting unusual fatigue, scolded and punished the lad, threatened to keep him in after school-hours, and to send a letter of complaint to his father. At noon the child was locked into the school-room, with some harsh remarks. His nerves gave way, and writing a letter to his parents, in which he attributes his death to the teacher, and leaving his little belongings to his brother and sister, he hung himself in the school-room.

It is said that the proprietor of the Niagara Museum began his collection nearly half a century ago with one old copper cent, and has been constantly adding to his treasures since. His particular weakness is for coins, and he claims that he has some of which no duplicates exist. The withered Egyptian mummies on exhibition here are more depressing in their influence upon sight-seers than a live dog of singular habits who is connected with the establishment. His chief pleasure and business seems to be to accompany parties who wish to go under the Falls. He makes the trip a dozen times a day—as often as he happens to see a party about to descend. Apparently he highly enjoys the opportunities afforded by the falling water and spray for becoming exceedingly wet.

The famous "old stone mill" of Newport, one of the ancient curiosities of the place, is situated in Touro Park. When or by whom it was built remains a mystery, over which thousands of visitors have queried. A neat iron fence has been placed around it to prevent it being injured by relic hunters, and with its covering of beautiful ivy it presents a charming picture.

A fossil plesiosaurus has been found in Nebraska. Perhaps this fact is not a matter of much interest to our readers, who may prefer the acquaintance of younger animals. This creature lived on this planet something like 1,000,000 years ago, consequently it is rather dried up. It was armed with about 140 sharp teeth, from which we conclude it was a fierce animal, and are not desirous to have it return alive to our part of the world.

Good manners are not only pleasant in all places, but not unfrequently useful to the person exhibiting them—and the contrary is also true, as the following story shows:

Once upon a time Lord John Russell was the minister in attendance upon her Majesty at Balmoral, and one evening there came a messenger to the telegraph office in Aboyne—a little old man, buried in a great-coat—with a telegram from his lordship to one of his ministerial colleagues in London. The message was handed to the clerk in charge, a peremptory person, who, seeing that it did not bear a signature, threw it contemptuously back, with the authoritative command,

"Put your name to it; it's a pity your master don't know how to send a telegram."

The name was added, and the message handed back.

"Why, you can't write, either!" cried the enraged clerk, after vainly endeavoring to make out the signature. "Here, let me do it. What's your name?"

"My name," said the little old messenger, very deliberately, "is John Russell."

It was the veritable Lord John himself, and the unmannerly clerk was removed from Aboyne forthwith.

Pressed coal, prepared from waste coal-dust, is extensively used on some of the French railroads for fuel. Originally the cost of this article was very little, and by the use of it a very great saving of expense was made. Since the advantages of this kind of fuel have become known the demand has increased, and the quality of the article has improved. Consequently the price is greater. Yet it is much cheaper than ordinary coal; and what was formerly entirely waste material has become of great commercial value.

It is a good thing to possess an inquiring mind, and seek for information whenever possible. Still, in making public queries on artistic matters the uninformed individual may find himself in the position of the rich "shoddyite" who wished to purchase a fine painting. The dealer pointed to one, saying, "There is a dog after Landseer."

"Is it, really?" exclaimed the purchaser. "What is the dog after him for?"

From a foreign periodical we abridge the following suggestive story:

A lady called upon a celebrated physician to consult him about her eyes, which were giving her some trouble. The doctor saw that she was a lady of rank and wealth. He gravely shook his head; feared amaurosis; case would require time; and as she was living in the country, she must move to the city where he could see her daily. The lady moved to the city; the physician attended her regularly; but days changed to weeks, and weeks to months, and the cure came not. The patient resolved to try an experiment. She disguised herself as a poor old woman, and went to her physician. After long waiting in the anteroom, at last her turn came.

"Well, my good woman, what have you to complain of?"

"Very bad eyes, doctor," she answered.

He took her to the light, looked into her eyes, but failed to recognize his patient. Shrugging his shoulders, he said,

"Your eyes are well enough."

"Well?" she said.

"Yes; I know what I am saying."

"But I have been told that I was getting the a—a—forgot how it is called."

"Amaurosis?"

"Yes, that is it, doctor."

"Don't you let them make you believe any such nonsense. Your eyes are a little weak, but that is all. Your physician is an ass!"

"An—"

"Yes, an ass! Tell him boldly that I say so."

The lady arose, and in her customary voice said, "Sir, you are my physician. Don't you know me?"

"Gracious, madame!" he commenced; but the lady would not listen to him, and left indignantly. She never saw the gentleman any more.

Nine cities in the world have a population exceeding one million persons, ranking in the following order: London, 3,251,000; Soochow, 2,000,000; Paris, 1,825,000; Pekin, 1,648,080; Jeddo, 1,554,000; Canton, 1,236,000; Constantinople, 1,075,000; Siang-tan, in the province of Hunan, 1,000,000; and Tchan-tchan-foo, in the province of Fokien, 1,000,000. Twelve possess a population varying from half a million to one million—New York, Vienna, Berlin, Hang-kaow, Philadelphia, St. Petersburg, Bombay, Calcutta, Fowchow, Tchching, Bangkok, and Kioto. Europe alone has 171 cities containing each more than 50,000 inhabitants.

Is there not some such proverb as, "Prudence is the better part of valor?" If not, there should be; and at this season sportsmen should make a practical application of it. Those who handle guns and pistols are notoriously careless and self-confident—unwilling to admit the possibility of any accident occurring from *their* method of handling weapons. Ignorance and culpable negligence are the chief causes of many lamentable accidents. The *American Sportsman* gives some sensible advice to gunners, which none should be too foolishly wise to neglect:

"In carrying a gun it should never be in such a position that any injury can accrue to any body or any thing by an accidental explosion. No matter in what state the hammer may be, either down, half-cock, or full, the barrels should be either so elevated, depressed, or turned aside, that no accident can arise if the charges in both were to explode accidentally. Carrying a gun with the muzzle down is objectionable, from the likelihood of the shot working the wadding loose. The great object, however, is so to carry it that no danger can arise, and that the gun may feel easy and ready for service. Over the left arm, with the right hand upon the 'grip,' is as good a method as any. In going over a wall, jumping over a wide ditch, climbing rails, gates, etc., a gun should be invariably taken off the full cock. Whether shooting alone or in company, this rule should never, upon any account, be deviated from. It may happen that the barrier to be passed is so easy that there seems to be no apparent necessity for this precaution. At the same time let it be remembered that a foot may slip, the hand may suddenly loose its hold, and many other such unexpected accidents may take place, causing danger in that which otherwise would be secure and safe. As a preventive, therefore, it should be made an invariable rule, and habit will soon make it an unexceptionable one, to let down the hammer to half-cock when an obstacle of any kind is to be crossed; and in taking it off the full cock it must not be neglected to hold the gun upright, or at such an angle that should the thumb slip from the hammer, and an explosion follow, no harm can result."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN ingenious Yankee has bent the scratching power of hens to the aid of agriculture. He places a hen with chickens in a long narrow cage, just wide enough to fit in between two rows of potatoes, wherein she scratches to her heart's content. The cage is moved along the space between the two rows until the ground has been thoroughly scratched, the potatoes nicely hoed, and all the bugs eaten.

Why is a thief your only true philosopher?—Because he regards every thing from an abstract point of view, is opposed to all notions of protection, and is open to conviction.

TO LEARN THE VALUE OF MONEY—Try to borrow it.

"James Jenkins," said a school-master to his pupil, "what is an average?" "A thing, Sir," answered the scholar, promptly, "that hens lay eggs on." "Why do you say that, you silly boy?" replied the pedagogue. "Because, Sir," said the youth, "I heard a gentleman say the other day as a hen would lay, on an average, a hundred and twenty eggs a year."

A Western musical critic thus speaks of a prima donna: "She had, and we suppose still retains, a magnificent voice for a fog-whistle. Its compass was perfectly surprising. She would shake the chandelier with a wild whoop that made every man instinctively feel for his scalp, and follow it up with a roar that would shame a bassoon."

A self-possessed young man called at a house in Atlanta, Georgia, a few mornings ago and asked to see his own wife. "She is not here," replied the mistress of the house; "there is none here but the members of my own family." "Well," replied he, "it's one of them I want to see. I married your eldest daughter last night."

The maddest man in Camden-Town is Smith. He wound up his clock every night for fifteen years, and then discovered that it was an eight-day clock. He muses on the work he might have done in those wasted minutes, and his anger is dreadful.

A county commissioner in the western part of Maine, on inviting some lawyers to inspect the new court-house, quoted the solemn lines of Dr. Watts:

"Ye sinners round, come view the ground
Where you will shortly lie."

At a recent agricultural show in Norfolk one of the inhabitants uttered his sentiments on a canvas banner:

"Of all the crops the farmer raises,
Or capital employses,
None brings such comforts and such praises
As a crop of girls and boyses."

Since Jones has been in reduced circumstances he takes much pleasure in singing the following version of a popular song:

"While beefsteak and venison cost lots of cash,
Be it ever so gristly, there's nothing like hash.
The scrapings and leavings of no use elsewhere,
When mixed all together make excellent fare.
Hash, hash, good meat hash!
Be it ever so gristly, there's nothing like hash!

"A stranger from home, hotels dazzle in vain;
O give me cheap eating-house food that's more plain;
The waiter who gayly re-echoes my call
For a nice plate of hash or a single fish-ball.
Hash, hash," etc.

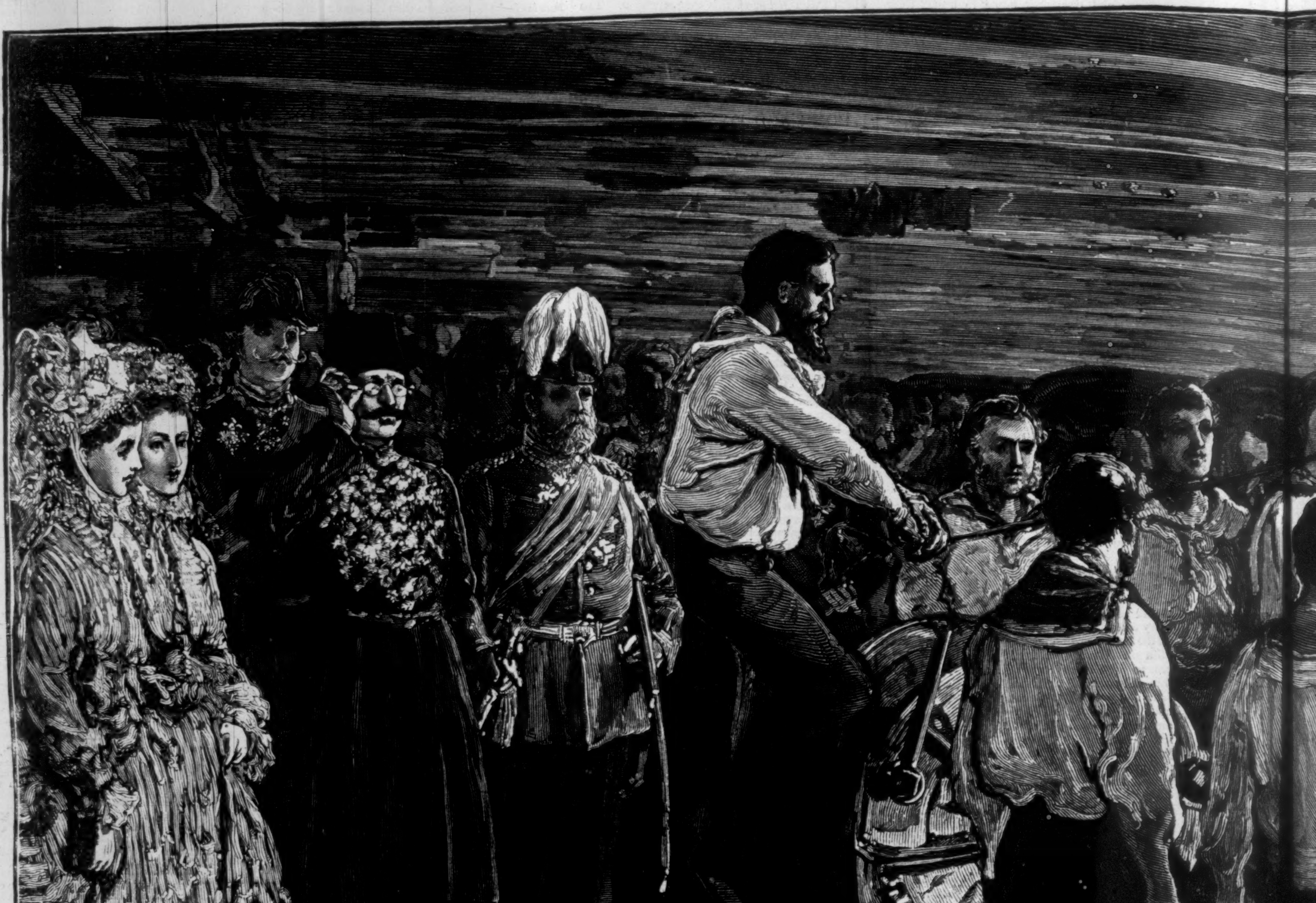
An inquirer, who applied to the San Francisco *Chronicle* for information as to where Cain obtained his wife, is cruelly rebuffed, the only reply vouchsafed him being this: "Upon any subject of a public nature we never refuse to throw the desired light. But this is altogether a different thing. It is a family matter with which we do not care to meddle. Cain died some time before many of us were born, and such idle curiosity regarding the family affairs of a deceased person we regard as reprehensible, and calculated to violate the sanctities of domestic life. For these reasons, and because we do not wish to injure the feelings of the relatives of the deceased, we decline to answer the question."

A will is registered in Waynesburg, Pennsylvania, which contains the following remarkable clause: "I also give to my beloved wife one red cow, one three-year-old colt, and the remainder of the kitchen and household furniture."

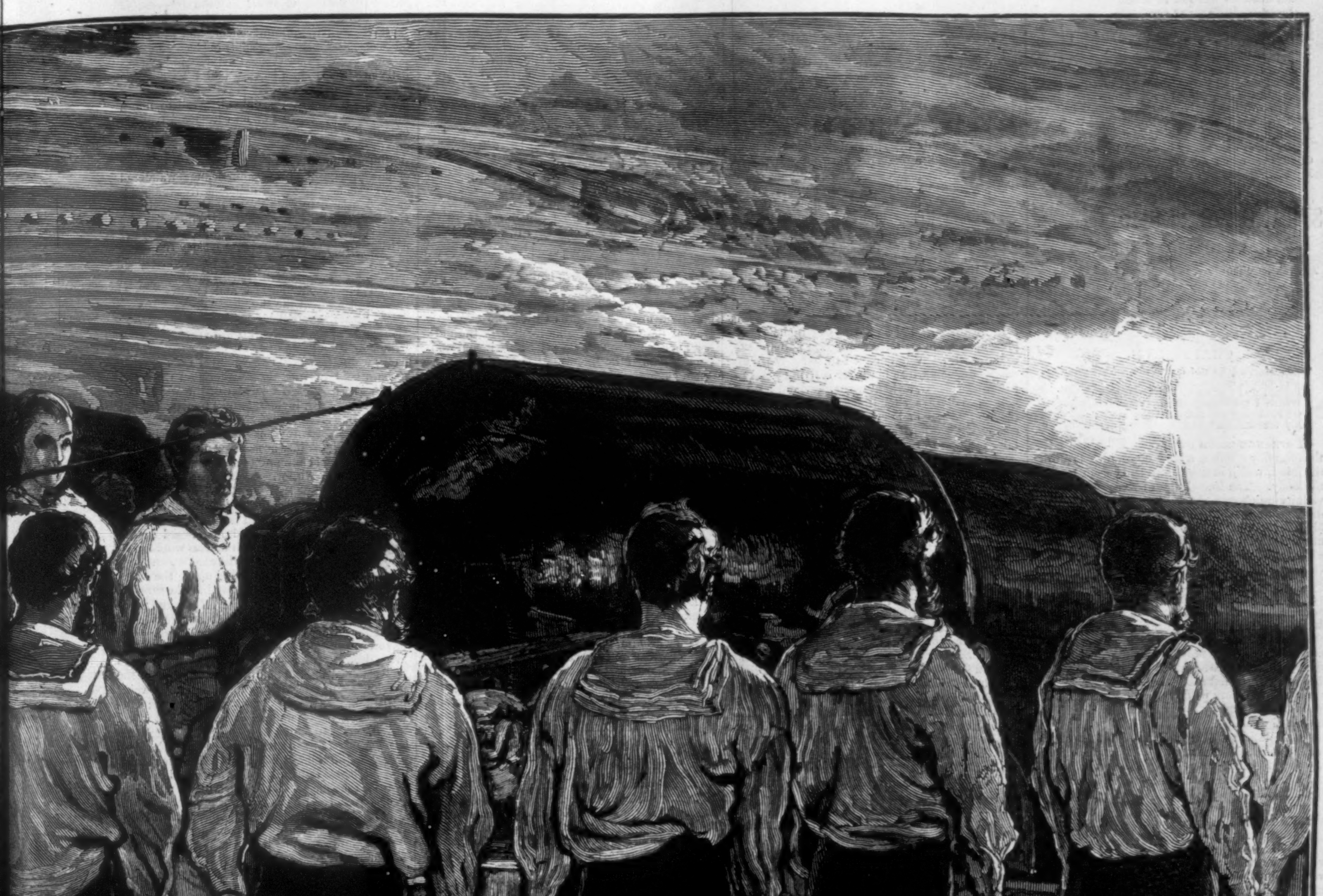
A HANDSOME THING IN SHAWLS—A pretty girl.

A young poet once asked Douglas Jerrold to pass a candid criticism on two of his productions. Jerrold waited rather impatiently until his tormentor had concluded reading the first poem, and then quickly exclaimed, "I like your other poem the best." "But you have not heard it read." "That is why I prefer it."

On a crowded Mississippi steamer the usual throng were gathered about the stove in the "gentlemen's cabin." A gentleman in company with several companions remarked, incidentally, "Now in New Jersey, where I live—" Instantly an old man, who sat moodily and silently pondering by the stove for some time, sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "Stranger, are you from New Jersey?" "Yes." "And willin' to acknowledge it?" "Yes, Sir, proud on't." "Hurrah! give us your hand," cried the old man, fairly dancing with exultation; "I'm from New Jersey too, but have never felt like declaring it afore. Shake. I'm an old man. I've traveled long and far; I've been in every city in the West; steamboated on the Ohio and Mississippi; been to California, over the plains, and around the Horn; took a voyage once to Liverpool; been to Denver and Pike's Peak; but in all my travels hang me if this ain't the first time I ever heerd a man acknowledge that he kum from New Jersey."



THE BIG GUNS OF THE IRON-CLAD STEAMER THE “SULTAN”—



AN"—SAILORS WORKING BATTERY BEFORE THE SHAH.—[See Page 676.]

MORNING-GLORY.

Flower-o'-flax is like the sky,
Or an innocent maiden's eye;
Lilies, too, are very fair,
And larkspur hath a regal air;
The red rose woos the wind afar;
Marigold's a fairy star;
All debonair and full of cheer,
Sweet-william's a gay cavalier;
Yet dearer than these you are, my pretty sweeting,
My Morning-Glory, dainty-fine and fleeting!

Where last year's withered branches bide,
There doth my Beauty twine and hide:
That clinging tendril's soft caress
Might move a stone to tenderness.
At dawn her lovely lids unclose,
To shame the clouds with pearl and rose.
All a flower knows of fresh and sweet
In those bewitching blossoms meet.
Oh, dearest of all you are, my pretty sweeting,
My Morning-Glory, dainty-fine and fleeting!

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book the Third.

CHAPTER VII.

"Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit
Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge,
Which I must keep till my appointed day
Of rendering up, and patiently attend
My dissolution."

A strange unrest came upon Elizabeth after that Sunday evening, a slow consuming fever of the mind, which in due course had its effect upon the body. The knowledge of Malcolm Forde's vicinity quickened the beating of her heart by day and night. Her sleep was broken by troubled dreams of their meeting; her days were made anxious by the perpetual question, How soon would accident bring them face to face? Or would he come of his own accord to see her, deeming the past buried deeper than the utmost deep of a fine lady's memory? come to visit her in his sacred office of priest? come to solicit help for his poor, support for this or that benevolent object? come to make a ceremonious professional call upon the lady of Slogh-na-Dyack?

The days went by and he did not come, and she told herself that she was glad. Yet she kept count of all visitors with a strange watchfulness, and was fluttered by every sound of the bell at the chief doorway. In her walks and drives the same fatal thought pursued her. At every shadow that fell suddenly upon her pathway, at every approaching footstep, she would look up, trembling lest she should see his tall figure between her and the sunlight. Was it a hope that buoyed her up from day to day, or a fear that troubled her? She scarcely dared to ask herself that question.

Sometimes she staid in-doors all day, seized with a conviction or a presentiment that he would come upon that particular day. He would call upon her, and speak gently of that poor dead past, and assure her of his forgiveness, and give her good counsel for the guidance of her life, and teach her how wisely to tread the dangerous path she had chosen. But that day dragged itself slowly out like all the rest, and he did not come.

So passed a week. On Sunday she ordered her pony carriage, and went to Dunallen, dreading that Miss Disney might offer to accompany her. But the discreet damsel forbore from any such intrusion. She had made her inquiries during the week, and knew perfectly who was officiating, in the absence of the incumbent, at Dunallen Church.

"Your preacher at Dunallen must be much better than ours here," she said, standing in the porch as Elizabeth passed by to her pony carriage, "to tempt you to violate the Scottish Sabbath on two consecutive Sundays."

"I do not think it any more wicked to drive on a Sunday in Scotland than in Devonshire," answered Elizabeth.

"Nor I. I was only thinking of the custom of the country. I know at Ashcombe we had a strong inducement to make a long journey to hear your father's curate—that Mr. Forde, who preached such splendid sermons, and seemed always so terribly in earnest. He went to some outlandish place as a missionary, did he not?"

"Yes."

"What a pity!"

"You need not bewail the fact. He has returned, and is in Scotland. I am going to hear him preach to-day. You can come with me if you like," answered Elizabeth, with a splendid look of defiance, as much as to say, Whatever sins may stain my soul, they shall not be the paltry sins of deceit and suppression.

"No, thanks. I will come some other Sunday," said Miss Disney, curiously discomfited by this unexpected candor. She had taken so much trouble, in a secret way, to ascertain the fact which Elizabeth declared so recklessly—not carelessly or indifferently, for her eyes sparkled and her lips quivered, and the fever flush that had come and gone so often of late reddened her cheek.

Miss Disney had a spare half hour before the morning service at the iron chapel, leisure in which to pace slowly to and fro upon the lawn before the Norman Gothic porch, thinking of her cousin and her cousin's wife.

Did she seriously mean to injure either of them, or deliberately plot the ruin of her fortunate rival? No. Nor had she any thought of a day when death might sweep that rival from her path, and she herself be Lady Paulyn. She knew her cousin Reginald too well to hope for that; knew that his brief fancy for her had never been more than an idle man's caprice, and had perished utterly ten years ago; knew that whatever wealth of affection he had to bestow he had squandered upon his wife; knew that there was no farther outcome of feeling to be hoped for from his selfish soul; that whatever love he could feel, whatever self-sacrifice he was capable of, love and sacrifice alike would be wasted upon Elizabeth. She hoped nothing, therefore—had no scheme, no dream; only stood by like the Chorus in an old tragedy, or prophesied to herself, like a mute Cassandra.

But she had loved her cousin—had in that distant, unforgotten day cherished her golden dream of a happy prosperous existence to be spent by his side—and she could not see him quite as he really was, in all the utter commonness of his nature.

As to her feelings toward Elizabeth—well, it was hardly to be supposed that she should love the woman who had stolen from her that crown of life which she herself had hoped to wear—the woman who, after having robbed her of this treasure, scarcely took the trouble to be civil to her. No, she did not love her cousin's wife.

"What shall I do?" she thought, as she walked to and fro; "I can understand the change in her now—the change which only began last Sunday afternoon. It was the shock of seeing this man again. And she goes to-day to hear him preach, and will contrive to see him perhaps after the service. What ought I to do? Warn my cousin that his wife's old lover is living within a few miles of him, or hold my tongue and let him make the discovery for himself? He is sure to make it, sooner or later, and I do not owe him so much devotion that I need put myself in a false position to save him a little trouble."

So Miss Disney did nothing, and suffered matters to take their course, contemplating the situation in a cynical spirit, prepared for any thing that might happen. It seemed as if the old dowager's gloomy prophecies—and she had prophesied about the various evils to come of her son's marriage with the convulsive fury of a pythoness on her tripod—were in a fair way to be realized.

"It really seems hardly worth while to hate any body actively," mused Miss Disney, "for the people one dislikes generally manage to do themselves the worst injury that malice could wish them, sooner or later."

This Sunday was finer than the last. The autumn sun shone with rare splendor; the little church at Dunallen was full to overflowing. The word had gone forth throughout the neighborhood that Mr. Mackenzie's substitute was a fine preacher, a man who had done good service as a missionary, too. People had come from a long distance to hear him. Elizabeth felt herself a unit among the crowd. There was no fear that he would be disturbed by the sight of her, she thought; yet she had a seat tolerably near the pulpit—the pew-opener having been eager to do her honor—a seat at the end of an open bench in a diagonal line with the preacher.

How sweet a sound had the familiar prayers when he read them! what a sound of long ago! —full of old sad memories of the churches at Hawleigh, and her dead father's kindly face. They filled her soul with tenderness and remorse. How wicked she had been all her life! how hard, how selfish! She was not fit to worship among his flock. How many and many a time, Sunday after Sunday, her lips had gabbled those prayers mechanically, while her worldly thoughts were wandering far away from the fane where she knelt! It seemed as if his voice gave a new meaning to the old words; stirred her soul to its profoundest depth, as the pool was troubled at Siloam. Not for a long while—hardly since her girlhood, when she had had fitful moments of religious enthusiasm in the midst of her frivolity—had she felt the same fervor, blended with such deep humility. All the fever and excitement of the last week was lulled to rest in the solemn quiet of that little church among the hills. Again she felt that it was enough for her to be near this saintly teacher, whom she had once loved with but too earthly a passion; enough to be near him, and that she might be good for his sake—a better wife even.

"I will try to do my duty to my husband," she said to herself, as she sat listening to the sermon; her eyes bent on the open book in her lap, not daring to look up, lest his eyes should meet hers; strangely dreading that first direct look—the stern recognizing gaze of those dark eyes of his—after this gap of time.

His sermon was upon duty. A straight and simple discourse, adorned by no florid eloquence, but made touching by many a tender allusion to that lovely life which is the type and pattern of all human excellence. He spoke of the duties which belong to every relation of life; of children and of parents, of husbands and of wives. It was a sermon after the apostolic model; friendly counsel to his new friends, here among remote Scottish hills, away from the falsehoods and artificialities of crowded cities; a simple pastoral address to the people of this small Arcadia.

"If I could only obey him!" Elizabeth thought, at this moment a different creature from the brilliant mistress of the house with the many balconies—the presiding genius of crowded afternoon tea-drinkings, the connoisseur in ceramic ware, who would melt down a small fortune into a service of egg-shell Sèvres, or Vienna, or Carl Theodore cups and saucers, and cream-jugs and tea-canisters, for the mere amusement of an idle morning; a widely different being from her whose last ball had astonished the town by its reckless extravagance, whose milliner's bill would have been formidable for Miss Killmansegg.

By nature a creature of impulse, carried away by every vain wind of doctrine, she was at least accessible to good influences as well as evil, and was for this one brief hour exalted, purified in spirit by the power of her old lover's pleading—pleading not as *her* lover, only as one who loved all weak and erring human creatures, and had compassion unawares for her.

"Does he know?" she wondered—"does he know that I hear him? Surely he must have cast one of his penetrating glances this way."

Nothing in his tone or manner indicated the surprise or emotion which might have accompanied such a recognition. If he had seen her, the sight had not moved him, the memories which shook her soul to its centre had no power to touch him. He was like a rock. She remembered the old bitter cry that had gone up from her lips in those dreary days when she had waited for his coming back to her—

"His heart is stone!"

Strange that a heart should be so tender for all mankind, yet so hard for her.

"There was a time when I thought my love was worth any man's having, just because they told me I was prettier than other women. Yet *he* has shown me that he can live without it, that he could have it and hold it, and let it go without a pang."

Not once during the half hour in which he spoke to his listening flock had she dared lift her eyes to his face. Sweet though it was to hear him, it was almost a relief when the sermon ended. She breathed more freely, stole one little look at the pulpit where he knelt, saw the dark head and strong hands clasped before it, and wondered again if he knew that she was so near. Then came the chink-chink of the sixpences, the gradual melting away of the congregation, and she was standing before the Gothic doorway. This time Donald did not keep her waiting. The carriage was ready for her. She drove home very slowly, still wondering.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Thou bear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet;
Tak' pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.

The bitter blast that round me blaws
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's:
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo."

Lord Paulyn left Scotland in the following week, to go to Liverpool, where there were races being run in the early autumn; and his friends departed with him, to be replaced by a relay of other friends when he returned to Slogh-na-Dyack—a return which was at present problematical. There were a good many races crowded together at this "back end" of the year—a late regatta at Havre, where Lord Paulyn had pledged himself to sail his yacht the *Leprachaun;* races at Newmarket, at Pontefract, at the Curragh of Kildare, in all of which events his lordship was more or less interested.

So the two ladies were left alone in the Norman château, to sit in the long tapestried drawing-room, with its modern antiquities, a kind of Brummagem Abbotsford collection, which had filled the soul of the knife-powder manufacturer with pride during his brief occupation of his castle. They were alone, and were fain to stay in-doors for the greater part of the week, during which period there was rain, such rain as does at times bedew Scotia's fair countenance; rain persevering, rain incessant, cloud above cloud piled Pelion-upon-Ossa-wise on the mountain-top, and discharging torrents of water. Every tiny water-course upon the hill-side, a narrow thread of silver in fair seasons, was broadened to a small cataract; every lowland river overflowed its rugged banks, and brawled and blustered over its stony bed with a turbulent air, as if some long-imprisoned spirit of the stream had broken suddenly loose and were eager to make havoc of the country-side.

Very long and dreary seemed those rainy autumn days to the mistress of the château and her uncongenial companion. Elizabeth secluded herself in her own rooms, and tried to read, or tried to draw, or tried to find a tranquillizing influence in her piano, a Broadwood, with a sweet human tone in its music, a tone that answered to the touch of the player, and was not all things to all men, after the fashion of some newer and more brilliant instruments. She played for hours at a time—played out her sorrows, her brief flashes of joy, which were at most the joys of memory, her moments of exaltation, her intervals of despair; played and was comforted, or laid her head upon the piano and wept soothing tears. She had nothing human on this earth to love; the life that she had chosen for herself left her outside those small tepid loves or likings which are the *pis-aller* of less self-contained spirits. Even the thought of Blanche, her favorite sister, in these moments of despair, inspired only a shudder. She loved her dog better than any thing else in the world—except that one person of whom only to think was a sin—and the dog, being dumb, seemed to sympathize with her, or at least never uttered trite commonplaces in the way of consolation, but looked up at her with dark, solemn, loving eyes, and seemed to be moved with human pity when she wept upon his broad honest head.

At last there came a break in the sky; the clouds upon the hill-tops rolled away, and disclosed the blue heaven whose face they had veiled so long; the cheerful sunshine brightened the waters; corn fields and green pastures on the shores of Bute ceased to be blotted out by the inexorable rain. The world was born again, as when Noah's ark came aground on the topmost peak of Ararat. The occasional fine days of a Scotch summer are apt to be very fine, and this last glimpse of summer's splendor crowning the brow of autumn was bright and glorious.

Elizabeth was somewhat cheered by this change in the weather. It gave her at least liberty.

Nor was she slow to avail herself of this recovered freedom. Long before noon she was on the hills beyond sight of Slogh-na-Dyack. Those heathery slopes and narrow foot-paths by which she went were swampy after the long rains, and wide water-pools lay in every hollow, like polished steel mirrors reflecting the high blue sky; but it is no longer one of the characteristics of a fine lady to take her walks abroad shod in satin slippers, and Elizabeth stepped through mud and swamp with a fearless tread, in her comfortable mountain boots. O sweet autumn breezes! O lovely world! if one could only be satisfied with the delight of mountain scenery, and wide blue lakes sleeping in the rare sunshine!

That week of rain seemed actually to have exhausted the evil propensities of the Caledonian atmosphere; one fine day succeeded another—days whose serenity was only disturbed by half a dozen or so of showers or an occasional tempest of hail; and Elizabeth—who defied brief showers, and even transient hail-storms, or the sudden obscuring of the heavens behind a curtain of black clouds, presage of a passing hurricane—wandered about the mountains in delicious freedom, and seemed almost to walk down the demon of despondency and the sharp stings of remorse. She rarely drove, for she could hardly use her pony carriage without offering Miss Disney the spare seat at her side, and she loved best to be alone, quite alone, without even Donald the gillie seated behind her, open-mouthed and empty-headed, staring vacantly at the sky.

She liked to climb the hill-side alone, to wander alone among the sheep, who were seldom scared by her light footstep, or to sit upon some craggy bank, where fragments of primeval rock seemed to be mixed up with the heather and the short mountain grass, as if this part of the world had but just emerged, inchoate and unfinished, from chaos. She loved to sit here alone, her seal-skin jacket drawn tightly across her chest, defying the autumnal winds, in whose sweet freshness there was a sharp sting now and then, like a faint prophecy of coming winter. Here she had time for sad thoughts, time to repent the foolishness of all her life gone by, and to long, with how vain a longing, that the past could be undone.

Sometimes, as she walked homeward in the beginning of the dusk, foolish fancies would steal into her mind at sight of the white towers and pinnacles of Slogh-na-Dyack rising above the evening mists at the base of the mountain—the thought of what her life would have been if she and Malcolm Forde had inhabited that northern château; how every room in that great house would have been brightened and glorified by domestic love; how sweet to go home from her walks to be welcomed by him; how sweet to stand in the porch at eventide watching for his coming—vain, useless fancies, which consumed her heart; fancies which she knew to be sinful even, but could not put out of her mind.

Thus passed the second week of Lord Paulyn's absence, and there was yet no hint of his return. Elizabeth was still free to live her own life, a life of utter loneliness, the life of a woman who lived in the past rather than in the present; free to wander among those solitary hills, with the dog Gregarach for her only companion.

Wide and varied as had been her wanderings, she had never yet crossed the path of Malcolm Forde. She had almost left off hoping for or dreading any such encounter. Had she chosen to put herself in his way, to take the village of Dunallen in the course of her rambles, or to loiter among the outlying cottages that sprinkled the hill-side just around the village, she would have been very sure to meet him. But this was just the one thing which Elizabeth, in her right mind, could not do. Nor, had she languished to behold him as the fever-parched wayfarer in a dry land languishes for a draught of cold water, could she have deliberately waylaid him. She knew that to think of him was wrong, yet she thought of him by day and by night, having long lost the empire over her thoughts. But she was still the mistress of her actions, and could keep them pure.

She made the most of the fine weather, however, without coming too near Dunallen; and even when there came threatenings of a change, menacing clouds again brooding over the mountain peaks, she was not alarmed, and left Slogh-na-Dyack as usual, immediately after breakfast, with the faithful Gregarach at her side.

"You are not going out to-day surely," said Miss Disney, who had come down to the hall to consult the barometer; "the glass has gone back to much rain."

"I thought we ought to have screwed the hand to that particular point the week before last," answered Elizabeth; "much rain seemed to be the normal condition of Scotland. Yes, I am going for my constitutional. I dare say I shall have a shower, but I'm used to that."

"I'm afraid you'll have a storm, and there's not much chance of shelter among those hills. It's really very wrong of you to run such risks."

"The risk of catching cold, for instance," said Elizabeth, contemptuously. "I never catch cold. I sometimes think I have a charmed life, unassailable by the elements."

"You are very lucky in that particular, as well as in so many others. I can scarcely put my head out-of-doors on a damp day without paying for my imprudence with neuralgia or influenza."

"How disagreeable!" said Elizabeth, looking at her absently. "Come, Gregarach."

She walked rapidly away, under the dull threatening sky, leaving Hilda in the porch, looking after her thoughtfully.

"What a miserable restless creature she is, in spite of her prosperity!" she said to herself. "One ought hardly to envy her. Does she ever meet her old lover on those lonely hills, I wonder? No, I scarcely think that. He is not the kind of man to run any hazard of scorching his wings at the old flame; and she—well, no, I do not believe she is bad enough for that. She only wanders about because she is discontented, and still madly in love with the man who jilted her."

Two hours later those ominous clouds upon the mountain resolved themselves to rain—a dense driving rain that came down like a sheet of water, and threatened to extinguish the landscape in watery darkness. Miss Disney stood at one of the drawing-room windows watching the deluge.

"Good heavens! if she is without shelter in such rain as this," she thought, not without compassion, "what is to become of her?" And then, with a cynical bitterness, "If she were to catch her death of cold, it would be very little advantage to me. What is that some poet says? 'E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.' But some ashes are quite cold. *Nothing* would rekindle *them*."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Advices to the 12th of June, dated Denver, make mention of satisfactory progress in the explorations conducted by Professor Hayden and his parties. One of the divisions of the survey at that time was established near Central City, in charge of Mr. Jackson, and consisted of Mr. Coulter as botanist, Mr. Carpenter as naturalist, and Mr. Cole as assistant naturalist. They had already obtained a large collection of plants and zoological objects, having spent two weeks high up in the mountains. Mr. Jackson had made about fifty negatives of the higher peaks, principally in the vicinity of Long's Peak. They expected to proceed shortly to the "Garden of the Gods." One party is at work on Long's Peak in charge of Mr. Marvin, accompanied by Mr. Gardner, and another under Mr. Gannett, accompanied by Dr. Peale as geologist and Mr. Batty as naturalist. Mr. Gardner has been occupied in establishing his base line of triangulation. He has already erected three signal monuments thirty feet high, and twelve miles apart, all of which can be seen from the main range of mountains. According to the Denver *News* the cattle, finding these constructions extremely convenient places for scratching, and thinking them apparently erected for their accommodation, have at once commenced appropriating them to that purpose, and evidently with great satisfaction, as it is said that they concentrate in their vicinity for miles around.

The experiment of the United States Fish Commissioner and the New England Commissioners, prosecuted in 1872 at Bucksport, under the direction of Mr. Atkins, having for its object the securing of an ample supply of eggs of salmon for introduction into the waters of the United States, has been renewed during the present year with every probability of an equally satisfactory result. On the 1st of July Mr. Atkins reports that, beginning with June 7th and ending on the 24th, he had purchased 652 salmon, of which number only six had died, leaving 646 in his ponds. The aggregate weight of the fish purchased was 8727½ pounds, the salmon averaging 2¼ pounds heavier than those of last year. The total cost of these fish and of their transfer to the ponds amounted to $1938 69. Mr. Atkins reports that the salmon fishery of the Penobscot has been better this year than for twenty years past, the price at Bucksport having been as low as 10 cents per pound, and averaging only 12½ cents at the date of his report.

The United States Commissioner is engaged in making plaster casts, colored from nature, of the principal food fishes of the United States, and for the purpose of completing this collection Mr. Atkins has sent to Washington a splendid female salmon of 24¼ pounds and a male of 21½ pounds. These, though not the largest secured by him, were of such remarkable excellence of condition as to make it desirable to use them for the purpose mentioned.

Dr. Göppert, of Breslau, the veteran writer on the subject of fossil plants, is desirous of disposing of his immense collection, in securing which he has spent more than thirty years, and made it perhaps the finest in the world, embracing, as it does, type specimens of 94 different works and 400 minor essays, represented on about 1000 plates. The number of specimens exceeds 11,000, and includes sigillaria from sixteen to twenty feet in length, and other specimens of equal magnitude. There are also 200 specimens of different kinds of amber with their inclosed plants, and also a series of diamonds, with various objects included in them.

In addition to the fossil objects there is also a very large collection of recent plants, which serves to illustrate the first-mentioned series, such as palms, tree ferns, cycades, bamboo, algæ, sections of wood, fruits, seeds, etc. Numerous original drawings also accompany the collection, which add much to its value.

We can not but hope that some public-spirited citizen may be willing to secure this perfectly unique cabinet for the Central Park Museum. The price we are unable to state, but it can be readily ascertained by addressing Professor Göppert, at Breslau. In its possession New York and the country at large would have access to the finest collection extant of fossil plants of the whole world, and especially of Europe, and thus render unnecessary the frequent visits on the part of our paleontologists to Europe for the purpose of consulting this identical cabinet.

Ohio is to be added to the list of States that have authorized the appointment of Fish Commissioners, and otherwise provided for the preservation and increase of food fish within their borders. The appointees as Commissioners are John Hussey, of Loveland, John H. Klippart, of Columbus, and Dr. Elisha T. Sterling, of Cleveland, in whose hands we are confident the interests of the State in this direction will receive careful attention.

At noon of July 8 Professor Agassiz formally opened the Anderson School of Natural History on Penikese Island, thus bringing to a practical beginning the great idea of a summer school of natural science as first suggested by Professor Shaler. Our readers are sufficiently familiar with the details of the circumstances which led to the establishment of this magnificent educational enterprise—first, the donation by Mr. John Anderson, of New York, of Penikese Island, one of the Elizabeth group, situated at the entrance of Buzzard's Bay, and valued at $100,000; then his endowment of it in the sum of $50,000 to meet the current expenses; and subsequently the presentation to the professor by Mr. Galloupe, of Swampscot, of a yacht worth $20,000, for use in deep-sea dredgings and other explorations in connection with the school.

In a circular Professor Agassiz gives notice to the public that the island affords no accommodations to strangers, and that no guests can be received excepting those who have been accepted as members of the school. The limit of fifty has long since been made up, one-third of them being ladies, while more than a hundred have been rejected in consequence of the limitation. A caterer has been engaged, who will provide for the table, and keep the rooms in order. There is to be no charge whatever for tuition, and as the dormitories have been built at the expense of the fund, no rent will be charged beyond a percentage of the value of the bedroom furniture. The board is to be charged at cost. Should any persons desire to make collections of specimens to carry away with them, cans and alcohol will be furnished at cost to those who are not already provided.

From the *Weekly Weather Chronicle* of the Army Signal-office we gather the following record for the week ending July 16: But one important area of low barometer is reported; it passed from Dakota eastward into Canada; a second area was apparently advancing over Dakota. There appear to have been fewer severe local storms than during the previous weeks; neither is the rain-fall so heavy as has been experienced during the late wet season. The largest amounts of rain have been at Duluth—3.87 inches; at Jacksonville, Florida, and at Charleston, South Carolina, about two and one-half inches. The Red, Missouri, Cumberland, and Ohio rivers are reported to have generally fallen. The lowest and the upper portions of the Mississippi have fallen, but the intermediate section, as at Cairo and Memphis, has risen somewhat.

We have already announced the death of Dr. Josiah C. Nott, of Mobile, and now add some further biographical memoranda derived from an article in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, prepared by Mr. Squier, an intimate friend and associate of the doctor. According to this account, Dr. Nott was born at Columbia, South Carolina, March 31, 1804, and took his degree in medicine at the University of Philadelphia, after which he visited Europe for a year, and entered upon his practice as a physician at Mobile in 1836, where for many years he occupied the first rank in the profession.

The first publication by the doctor was a translation of *Broussais on Inflammation*, but he was better known to the world as a critical writer on subjects of ethnology. His *Physical History of the Jewish Race* was followed by his *Types of Mankind*, in the preparation of which he was associated with Mr. George R. Gliddon, and subsequently appeared his *Indigenous Races of the Earth*, an extremely elaborate publication. In 1856 Dr. Nott accepted the position of Professor of Anatomy in the University of Virginia, but after a year returned to Mobile, where he soon after established the Medical College of Alabama, an institution which met with great success. Remaining in the South during the late war, he removed to Baltimore in 1867, and shortly after transferred his residence to New York, where he soon acquired a large practice, which was rapidly increasing at the time of his death.

According to Dr. S. W. Wilson, of Darien, Georgia, the supply of shad in the Altamaha River, in that State, has not materially changed during his recollection. The fish enter the river in the beginning of January, and are taken for about two months. They are captured by means of gill nets, the river being too much obstructed by drift-wood to allow seines to be drawn.

A very deserving institution has recently been established in Cincinnati, under the title of the Cincinnati Acclimatization Society, its object being to effect the introduction of such foreign birds as are worthy of note for their song or their services to the farmer and horticulturist. The society announces that during the present spring it expended $5000 in introducing fifteen additional species of birds, and that it has already successfully accomplished the acclimatization of the European sky-lark, which is stated to be now a prominent feature of the summer landscape in the vicinity of Cincinnati. Among the species which it is proposed to introduce is the European titmouse, considered abroad as one of the most successful foes of insects injurious to vegetation.

According to *Nature*, the physicists of Paris have lately met and established a society which proposes to commence the publication of transactions and proceedings of its meetings. The organization was effected on the 17th of January last, and consists of M. Fizeau as president, M. Bertin as vice-president, and M. D'Almeida as general secretary.

Professor Meek announces the existence of primordial species among the fossils collected by Dr. Hayden, in 1872, from near Gallatin City, Montana—a very important geological fact. He has also found carboniferous fossils in various localities. Some of these are from the "divide" between Ross's Fork and Lincoln Valley, Montana, embracing many of the same species as occur in the noted Spurgen Hill locality, in Indiana, of the age of the St. Louis limestone.

We have already referred to the death of the eminent philosopher Dr. Christopher Hansteen, which took place on the 15th of April at his residence at Christiania, Norway. Professor Hansteen was in his eighty-ninth year, and the list of one hundred and forty-two titles of scientific papers given in the Royal Society's catalogue, as communicated by him to periodical publications, sufficiently attests the great activity of his long life. As the founder of the Christiania Observatory, and for a long time its director, Hansteen has left behind a highly valued monument; but doubtless the work by which posterity will most delight to honor him is his *Magnetismus der Erde*. This work is now already become of almost purely historical interest, and, indeed, its chief value lay originally in the negative evidence afforded by it as to the true theory of terrestrial magnetism, while on the other hand it formed a valued repository of all our knowledge of secular magnetic variations at the time of its publication. To Hansteen we owe numerous improvements, not only in the study of terrestrial magnetism, but equally so in meteorology and practical or geographical astronomy.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The International Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations, which met at Poughkeepsie on July 9, showed an increase in the number of associations represented, and an advance in their work. Four hundred and twenty-six associations sent reports to the Convention; nine hundred and twenty-four are on its roll. Thirty-eight associations were reported as having buildings, valued in the aggregate at $1,754,450. The associations in Halifax, Baltimore, and Philadelphia are erecting buildings, which will be completed during the present year. There are now Young Men's Christian Associations in thirty-two colleges, an increase of six during the year 1872. Among the topics discussed by the Convention were the best means of destroying the influence of pernicious literature, of counteracting the social temptations of young men, and of conducting association Bible classes. On the latter topic Dr. Thompson, of New York, made a valuable address. Stepping upon the platform, he illustrated his own method of conducting his Bible classes in Association Hall, New York, and the Medical University. The Convention lasted four days. Among the delegates present was Mr. M. H. Hodder, of the Young Men's Christian Association of London.

How near the Free Church of Scotland came to a disruption at the time of its last annual Assembly appears from a statement made in the correspondence of the *Presbyterian* of Philadelphia: "A hall had been secured for the meetings of the disparted Assembly; a Moderator had been fixed upon; a solemn protest had been drawn up, and a notary public was in waiting to serve it; an address to the people about a sustentation fund on the plan of Dr. Chalmers was drawn up, and a deed of separation was ready for signatures—nay, was signed by a number of ministers and elders before the day was out on which the discussion on the Mutual Eligibility bill was before the Assembly." Happily this peril has been averted, and the "Mutual Eligibility" scheme, which creates a practical union with the United Presbyterians, has triumphed.

The English Presbyterian Church is reported to be increasing with great rapidity. It is claimed that in eighty-four of the largest towns of England its numerical growth has been greater by nearly fifty per cent. than that of any other Church. The statement needs verification, but undoubtedly Presbyterianism in England has received a great impulse of late years.

T. Adolphus Trollope reports from Rome to the *Christian Intelligencer* "that America is to be made the receptacle for the monks and friars who, according to the terms of the legislation just completed, are to be turned out of the monasteries of Rome. As soon as the fate in store for them was known it became a matter of very serious consideration at the Vatican to find some method of avoiding the return to secular life which threatened these useless and mischievous, but nevertheless unfortunate, men; and it was decided that as many of them as were willing to do so should be sent to America to continue the monastic life in the convents of that country. A large number, especially of the mendicant orders, declared that they needed no time to decide, that they were anxious to remain true to their vows, and were ready to proceed to any convent on the face of the earth." Poor America! what loads of rubbish are shot upon her premises, when her neighbors do their house-cleaning!

The progress of Christian missions has never received a better illustration than in the statistics presented at the annual meeting of the missionaries of Western Turkey, in connection with the American Board. The missions date from 1831, and were for a long time confined to Constantinople. The field covered extends now from the Balkan Mountains to Persia, and from the Black Sea to the river Orontes. "There are now four missions, with twenty central stations and more than two hundred out-stations, forty-four ordained missionaries, two physicians, and seventy-six female assistant missionaries. Seventy-six churches, more than twenty of which are self-supporting, have been organized, with an aggregate of four thousand communicants. More than twenty-three thousand names are registered in the Protestant civil communities found all over the land. Common schools have been opened in connection with every church. These schools number two hundred and twenty-five, with eight thousand pupils. Four theological seminaries and eleven female boarding-schools have been established. In the former one hundred students are preparing for the ministry; in the latter three hundred young women and girls are receiving instruction. At Constantinople Robert College has been founded. Two hundred and thirty students are here gratifying their desire for a higher education than can be found at any other institution in the land, except at the Syria Protestant College at Beyrout."

The confessional movement in the Church of England has been brought to the notice of Parliament. On the 14th of July a motion was made in the House of Lords for the appointment of a committee to consider what legislation may be needed to arrest the progress of the Romanizing tendencies in the Church. Both the Archbishops of Canterbury and York admitted that the evil was growing, but deprecated state action. The motion was consequently lost.

The attempt to introduce the confessional into the Established Church of England has roused the laity of that Church to a fever heat. On the last Monday night of June an immense meeting was held in Exeter Hall to take measures to resist the inroads of Romanism. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided. He censured the House of Convocation for receiving the petition of the 483 clergymen at all, and closed an hour's speech by saying, "Much as we love the Church of England, if the confessional be introduced, we will let her go, and all the bishops with her." The *Times*, in commenting upon the meeting, admits that "if the practices denounced can not be checked, the Church of England is in imminent peril of a great convulsion," and that, "as matters stand, the bishops are protecting the clergy in setting the law at defiance." The *Church Times* claims that there are 2000 clergymen in the Church who might have signed the petition which was sent to the Convocation.

Among the notable ecclesiastical events of our time may be reckoned the letter of the Greek Patriarch of Alexandria and Egypt and that of the Patriarch of Antioch and the East to the Rev. Charles R. Hale, of Auburn, New York, in relation to union between the Greek Church and the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. Sophronius, the Alexandrian Patriarch, who writes like a practical man, proposes "the organization of a committee from either part, of skilled and well-instructed theologians, for the examination and accurate inquiry into existing differences on the basis of the Catholic Orthodox Church before the Great Schism, for thus the mutual relations of sympathy are bound together more closely by a nearer mutual fellowship and acquaintance between the two Churches, and we come with greater spirit and more safety to those things which concern Catholic unity."

This correspondence has grown out of the proceedings of the Protestant Episcopal General Convention held in October, 1871. A similar movement for closer union with the Greek Church is going on in England.

The Catholic papers discredit the story, which comes by cable, that the Pope is about to create Archbishop Manning and two American prelates cardinals.

We learn that the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention, after having adopted an article in the new Constitution prohibiting grants of public money to institutions under sectarian control, subsequently reversed their action and rescinded the article.

Mr. Nathan Mathews, of Boston, has offered the Cambridge Divinity School a gift of one hundred thousand dollars, on condition that three of the trustees—a majority—shall be High-Churchmen. By its incorporation this school is pledged to conform in doctrine to the Articles of Religion of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The trustees have declined the offer.

According to the statistics furnished to the late Baptist State Convention of North Carolina, the Baptists are the most numerous religious body in that State. There are in thirty-six white associations 822 churches, 426 pastors, 78,502 members; baptized during the year, 4558. There are twelve colored associations, with 282 churches, 276 pastors, 27,560 members; baptized, 1193. The total number of members is 106,062. There are eight anti-missionary associations, whose numbers are not given.

The question of the propriety of requiring subscription to a creed as a condition of church membership is undergoing discussion among the Protestant denominations of the country. The alumni of Andover, at their meeting early this month, had it before them in this form: "Should there be any modification of the ordinary conditions of membership in our Congregational churches with respect to a creed?" According to the *Interior*, of Chicago, the Presbyterian Church requires of its officers a subscription to its creed, but of private members a profession of faith only. The tendency of the Protestant churches in the United States is to the disuse of subscription as a condition precedent to membership.

We have already noted the proposed conference of Hebrews in Cincinnati for the purpose of forming a theological school. The conference was held, and on the 9th of July adopted a constitution, under the name of "The Union of American Hebrew Congregations." Its next meeting will be held on the second Tuesday of July, 1874.

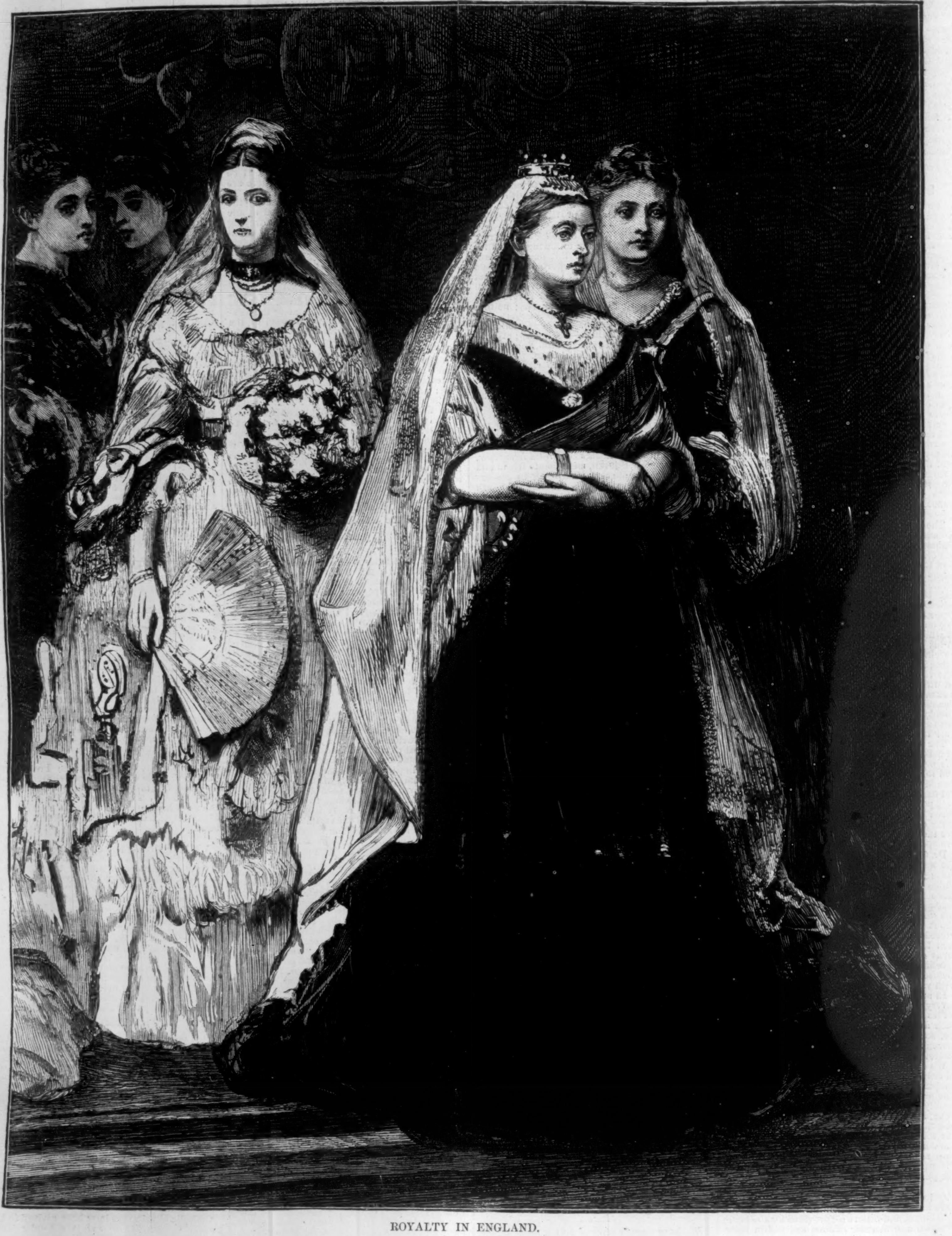
The scheme of Wesleyan Confederation in Canada, by which all the Wesleyan Conferences in British America will form a single united Methodist Church, seems to be virtually adopted. The Conference of Eastern British America has agreed to the plan of union, with the single exception that it has declined to allow the missionary secretary to be a member of the Stationing Committee.

That pattern of purity and saintliness, the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, has been to Rome. On Sunday, June 22, her three daughters, "the Infantas," were confirmed by the Pope in person. A great many distinguished persons were present. According to the *Catholic Review*, "His Holiness gave the bread of the angels to the queen and the three princesses, and offered the august assembly a collation in one of the state chambers of the Apostolic Palace. On Tuesday, June 24, her Majesty Isabella II. left Rome. Before doing so she gave the Pope a magnificent cross, ornamented with diamonds, and 20,000 francs for Peter-pence. Her Royal Highness the Infanta, Countess of Girgenti, gave 10,000 francs, and the three young Infantas each 5000 francs."

Catholic pilgrimages have been revived in England. On the 7th of July the Young Men's Catholic Association of London started for the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. The shrine has, we presume, long since disappeared, but the place where it stood is known. The pilgrimage has the sanction of Archbishop Manning, but what will the good Archbishop of Canterbury think of it all?

The son of Bishop Southgate (Protestant Episcopal) has entered the Roman Catholic Church. He has placed himself under the care of Archbishop Bailey, and will prepare for the priesthood.

The Music Hall of Boston, in which Theodore Parker preached for many years to large congregations, has been closed as a place of worship for the religious society which he founded. The Rev. W. R. Alger, well known both as a preacher and an author, was the last pastor. He has had to retire for lack of support.



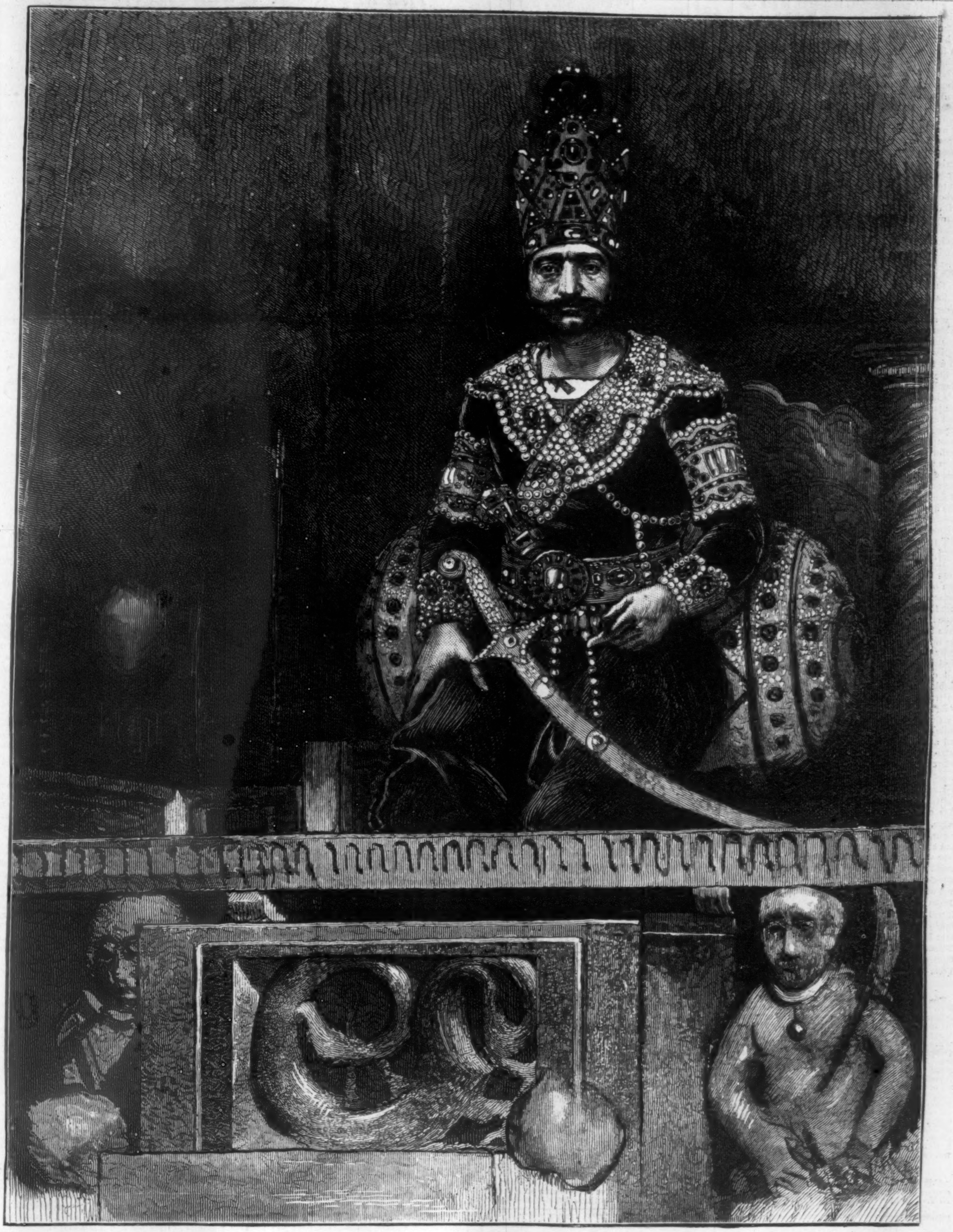
ROYALTY IN ENGLAND.

THE SHAH IN ENGLAND.

The interesting double-page illustration in the present number of the *Weekly* commemorates the visit of the Shah of Persia on board her Majesty's iron-clad the *Sultan*, at Portsmouth, where he was treated to a sight which must have vividly impressed upon his mind the naval strength and resources of England. The ease with which the immense guns of the battery were handled by the sailors, who moved them about, by the aid of the most approved modern appliances, as if they were playthings, astonished him more than any thing else he had witnessed since leaving his own dominions. He was also much struck by the enormous thickness of the iron plates which protect the vessel, and which, with its magnificent battery, render it one of the most formidable ships of war that float upon the sea.

Notwithstanding his disagreeable manners, the Shah is said to be a very intelligent and cultivated man, and even a polished gentleman, for Persia. It is rumored that he is keeping a diary of his travels, to which he devotes three hours of steady writing every day. Our English cousins are of course on the *qui vive* to obtain a peep into its pages, and would give any thing to have its mysterious hieroglyphics translated into their own language. Every one is curious to find out what he thinks of Europe in general, and of England in particular. Although since leaving Teheran he must have seen many things which appear strange in his eyes, yet his habitual Oriental impassiveness would not permit any expression of surprise. Now and then a remark escapes him, which opens, as it were, a window in his breast, and gives us a glimpse of the inner man. Such was his comment on the fleet of yachts which met him in the Channel, on the trip from Ostend to Dover. "This," said he, pointing to the convoy, "is the act of the government, but that," referring to the yachts, "the act of the people;" and one may fairly guess that the reflection did not end here, but that thoughts respecting the comparative merits of the English and Persian systems of government may have occupied the imperial mind. Then, again, what would one not give to know what the Shah thinks of European ladies, crowding unveiled in every public place? Will there be an abolition of the veil when he returns to Persia, or will the occupants of the harem be more closely immured than ever? He has likened England to Paradise, the gate of which is hidden by a cloud. Will he endeavor to imitate the Paradise which has so charmed him?

It is not likely that the Shah's journey will result in any radical changes in his own country. Reforms take root very slowly among all Eastern nations, and all attempts to change old manners and customs are regarded by them with aversion and suspicion. Of the Persians Sir John Malcolm says that "they are handsome, active, and robust; of lively imaginations, quick apprehensions, and agreeable and prepossessing manners. As a nation they may be termed brave, though the valor they have displayed, like that of every



ROYALTY IN PERSIA.

other people in a similar state of society, has in a great degree depended on the character of their leaders and the nature of the objects for which they have fought." As compared with the Turks, they are not unlike what the Irish are as compared with the English or Scotch, being gayer, livelier, more versatile, and less to be depended upon. They easily become angry, and are then violently abusive, but, as a rule, are highly courteous, affable, and polite. They flatter with equal skill and profusion of compliments. Their language is extravagantly hyperbolical; and a stranger, ignorant of their character, would suppose them ready to devote life and fortune to his service. The first impressions of foreigners are therefore always favorable; but, unfortunately, a longer acquaintance with them is apt to prove that their flattery is nothing to their insincerity. All travelers seem agreed that the Persians have reduced dissimulation and falsehood to a system, and have practiced them so long and so universally that it would be difficult for them to speak the truth if they tried. Their whole conduct is a tissue of fraud and artifice; and they rarely think of fair dealing till they find they have to do with one who will see through their tricks and impostures.

The children of the higher classes are taught at home by tutors, who, after the elements of Arabic and Persian are acquired, instruct their pupils in the duties of their religion, and teach them to read the Koran. Next come the works of Saadi and Hafiz, with a superficial course of grammar, logic, and philosophy. All this time athletic exercises, riding, hunting, and the use of arms are not neglected; and from the earliest age every boy is carefully schooled in all that regards the ceremonial of social etiquette. He is taught how to sit down and rise up, and to stand in the presence of his elders or superiors; and so much stress is laid on these matters that it is most uncommon to notice any deviation from due etiquette even in children of five or six. In fact, no nation in the world pays more attention to etiquette and ceremony than the Persians. Every man takes his seat according to his rank, which is defined with the utmost precision. A superior is received by his host at the door of the apartment; to an equal he rises from his seat; while an inferior is only noticed by a slight motion of the head. The most grievous rudeness and insult that can be offered to a Persian is first to ask after his wife, and next to offer to touch his beard.

The palaces of the nobility and of the wealthier classes are divided into several courts, in the most retired of which is the harem. These courts are neatly paved with tiles, and sometimes adorned with flower beds and fountains. In the rooms of the rich, Persian carpets are laid over the reed mats which cover the mud floor, and on these the occupants sit. The wealthier classes have their apartments painted and gilded and otherwise ornamented. Attempts at depicting the human form, as well as animals and landscapes, are numerous among the Persians of this day, but they are rude and unsuccessful, the total absence of all drawing and perspective rendering their performances ludicrous, if not disgusting. Some skill, however, is shown in the inkstands and small boxes, manufactured chiefly at Shiraz and Ispahan, which are ornamented with figures of boys and girls, birds and flowers, finished with surprising minuteness and accuracy.

The vast difference between the civilization of Europe and that of the East is clearly shown in the illustrations which we give on opposite pages above this article. Royalty in the West is represented by her Majesty Queen Victoria, simply and tastefully attired, and attended by the ladies of her court; while royalty in the East is represented by the Shah, in a robe covered with pearls and precious stones, seated on his marble throne in the palace at Teheran. In one we see the taste and culture of Europe, in the other the barbaric splendor and ostentation of the East.

Barbaric splendor seems, however, to take in Europe. Wherever he went the Shah was the "darling of the public;" and in England his reception was especially enthusiastic. He evidently felt very much at home there, and made the most of his time in sight-seeing and studying English manners and customs. He visited the Tower, the Bank, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Houses of Parliament during session, and Westminster Abbey, and at each place catechised his guides in a manner that plainly indicated a resolution to learn all that was to be learned. He has been memorialized by religious and philanthropic societies and focused by photographers; has planted a tree and christened a ship. Having heard of the noble art of self-defense, four distinguished members of the P. R. duly pummeled each other's heads with gloved hands in his presence at the palace—perhaps the first pugilistic encounter that ever took place within those walls. At the Crystal Palace he saw a specimen of one of the most popular music-hall sensations, a trapeze performance; while the feats of the amateur athletes were evidently more interesting to him, because more novel, than the flowers, the music, or the enormous crowd, although his astonishment at the beauty and magnitude of the building itself was apparent to every one.

The tide of travel to the Virginia Springs this year is greater than ever before. The opening of the *Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad* through from the Atlantic waters to the constant navigation of the Western rivers, opens the route to the numerous springs from both East and West, so that the trip can be made with great comfort and expedition. Express trains, with Pullman cars, have been placed on the line, and, on account of the novelty and beauty of the wayside scenery, many travelers are taking the new route from Louisville or Cincinnati eastward. The time will come, it is confidently predicted, when a double track will be insufficient to accommodate the traffic pressing on this line. Its grades are so light and its connecting water-lines so valuable that it offers the best line out of the Ohio Valley for the agricultural and forest produce, and a great shipping port must spring up at its extreme eastern terminus for the direct trade between the western cities of Europe.

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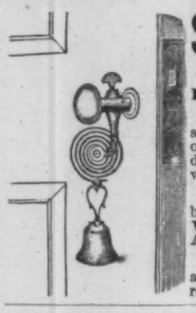

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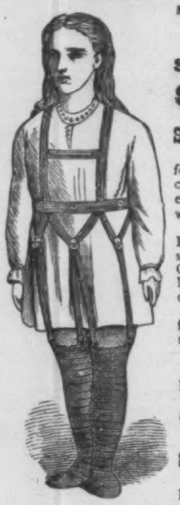

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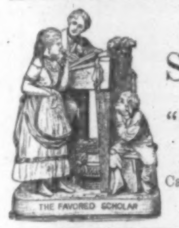

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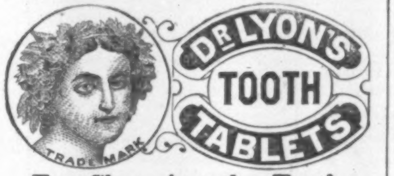

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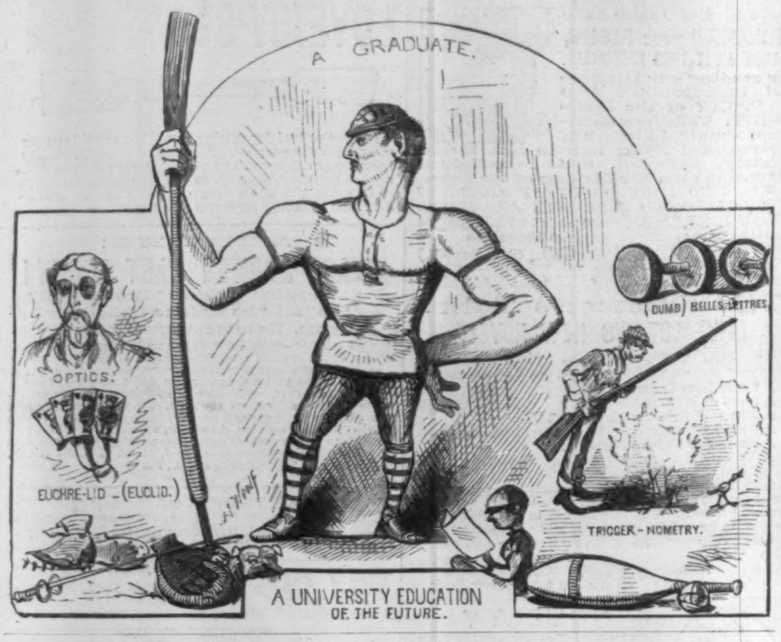
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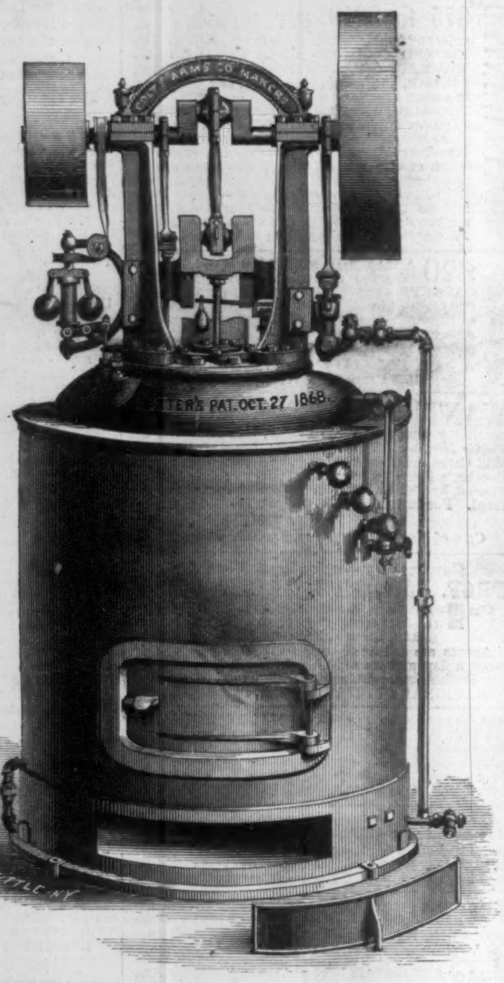

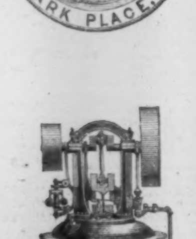

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ASSETS.

Real estate owned by the company, .	$ 67,000 00
Cash in bank and hands of agents, .	202,409 18
Loans on first mortgages real estate, .	975,347 56
Loans on personal and collateral security,	65,859 73
Deferred premiums (being balance of semi-annual and quarterly premiums), .	59,542 91
Accrued interest, ...	38,466 40
Commuted commissions, ...	14,171 60
United States government bonds, . .	355,710 00
State and municipal bonds, ...	115,050 00
Railroad stocks and bonds, ...	139,030 00
Bank stocks, ...	325,206 00
Railway Passengers Assurance Co. Stock,	156,000 00
Total assets, ...	**$2,513,893 38**

LIABILITIES.

Claims unadjusted and not due, . .	$ 173,839 88
Reserve for re-insurance, life department,	1,349,568 00
Reserve for re-insurance, acc. department,	204,672 97
	$1,728,080 86
Surplus as regards policy-holders,	**$785,812 53**

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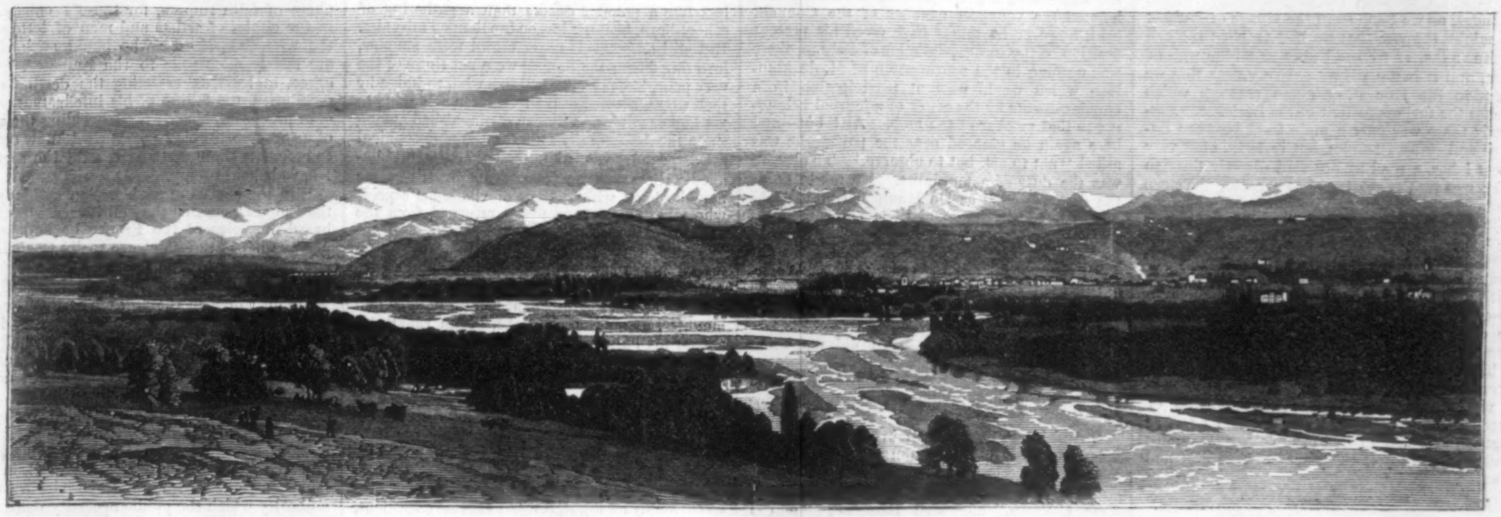
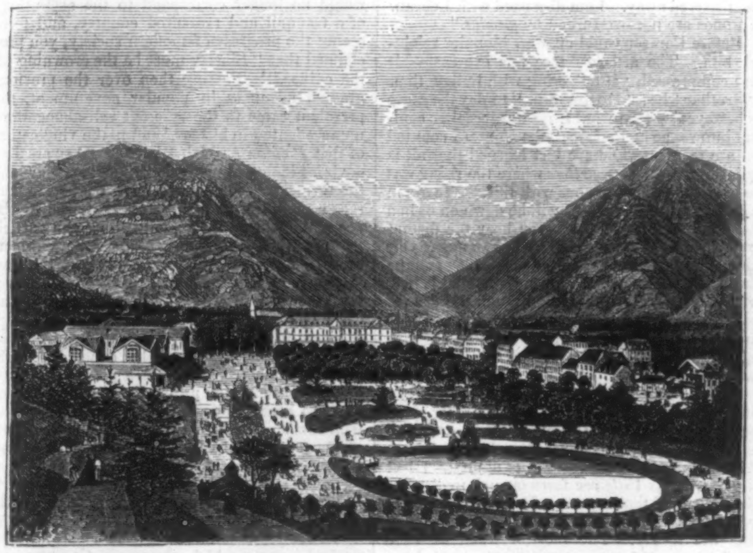
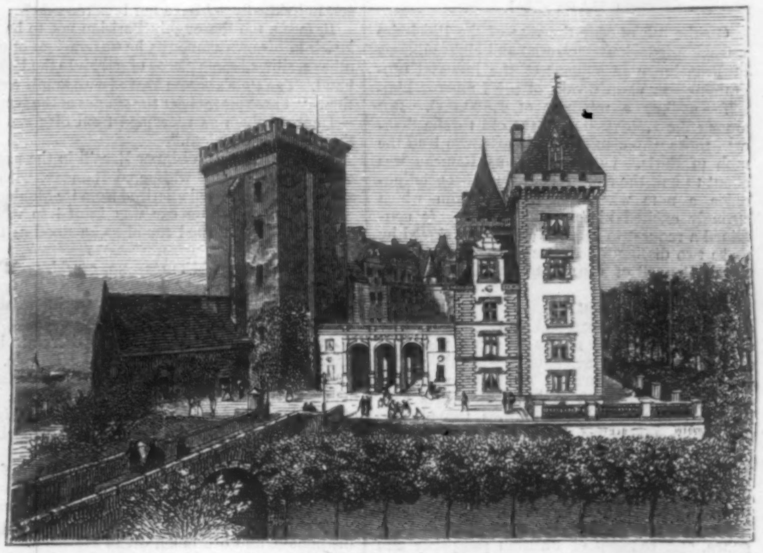
SKETCHES IN THE PYRENEES.



PANORAMA FROM THE PLACE ROYALE, PAU.



THE ÉTABLISSEMENT AND PARK OF LUCHON.

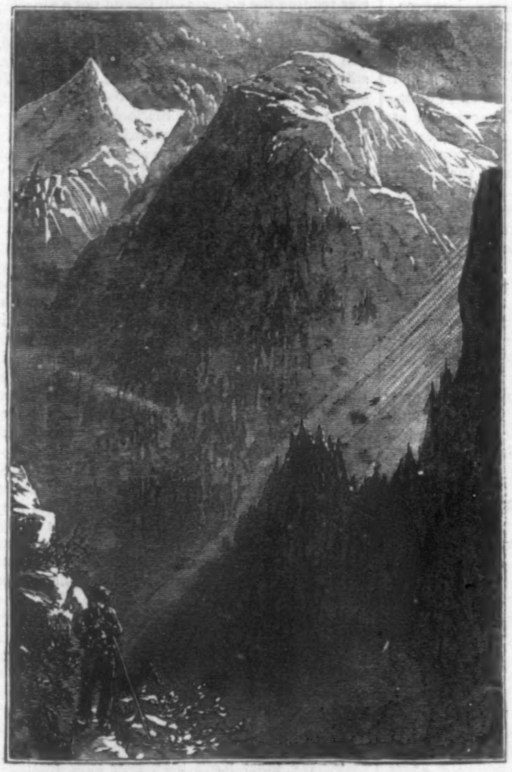


THE CHÂTEAU AT PAU.

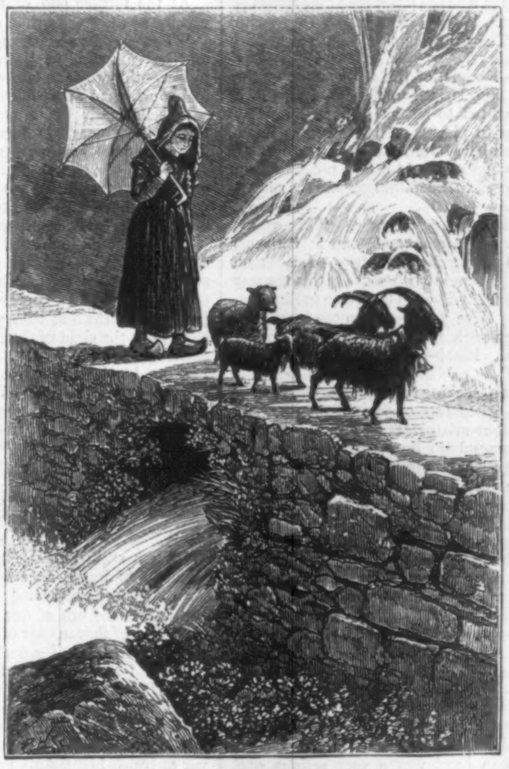
Of all the French towns, Pau is perhaps the most charmingly situated, commanding as it does a magnificent view over the chain of the Western Pyrenees. Its winter climate, too, is nearly perfect, possessing an almost entire immunity from those keen, sharp winds, those chilling rains and mists, and those abrupt variations of temperature which are not altogether unknown even at such favored spots as Nice and Montpellier. In the winter the climate is mild and dry, accompanied with a remarkable stillness of the atmosphere. Hence it is a great place of resort for invalids, and great numbers flock thither as soon as the swallows begin to fly southward. The town, which is the ancient capital of the little kingdom of French Navarre and Béarn, stands on a lofty ridge on the right bank of the river, or Gave de Pau, and contains about 26,000 inhabitants. The view of the Pyrenees is well seen, either from the castle and its terraces, or from the park, or from the extremity of the gravelly promenade near the centre of the town called the Place Royale. This latter is the point from which the picture is taken. The range of the Pyrenees presents a strikingly beautiful and varied outline of peaks, cones, and ridges rising against the southern horizon. Two summits are pre-eminent from their elevation and slope: the Pic du Midi de Pau, with vertical sides and cloven crest, and the Pic du Midi de Bigorre. These mountains are seen through the gaps in a chain of round-backed wooded hills, while in the foreground appear the venerable castle of Pau and the river bordered with trees.

The castle, where Henry IV. was born, in 1553, is the most conspicuous and interesting building in the town. It stands on the point of a promontory overlooking the river and bridge. The five towers of the castle, and the outer wall which connects them, are the oldest part, and date from the time of Gaston Phœbus, Comte de Foix, who founded the castle about 1363, though it is said that the viscounts of Béarn built there as early as the tenth century. The tallest tower, or donjon, named after Gaston de Foix, is of brick, furnished with loop-holes, and rises to a height of 115 feet. The interior of the castle, which had been sacked by the revolutionists of 1793, was restored by Louis Philippe with great splendor and good taste. One of the most interesting relics is Henry IV.'s cradle, made of a large tortoise-shell.

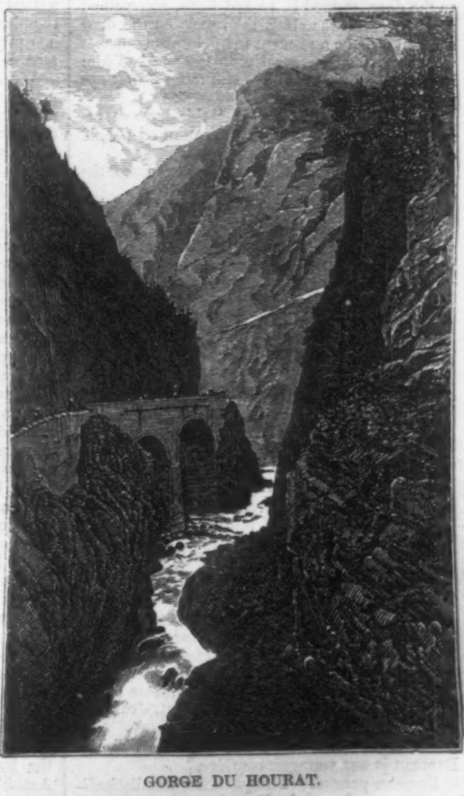
No place in the Pyrenees surpasses in beauty of situation and in variety and interest of excursions the Baths of Luchon. The town, which contains about 4000 inhabitants, has been much improved of late by the construction of handsome houses, and is rising as a place of fashionable resort. The two chief streets are shaded with triple rows of lime-trees, so that the visitor can stroll about and enjoy the mountain views protected from the sun. The new bathing establishment appears on the left-hand side of the picture. It stands at the foot of a precipitous wooded hill. The



PIC DE GER.



A PYRENEAN SHEPHERDESS.



GORGE DU HOURAT.

waters are chiefly sulphurous. The Romans were well acquainted with these hot springs.

Traveling between Eaux-Bonnes and Eaux-Chaudes, as we issue from the village of Laruns, we might suppose that we had reached the end of the valley, as we see before us a high wall of rock, and it is not till we get very near that we perceive the Hourat, or gorge, through which rushes the furious torrent of the Larienzé. Formerly there was only a mule track between Laruns and Eaux-Chaudes, but in 1849, after very great labor, a road was carried directly through the gorge into the valley, thus avoiding the steep and awkward ascent and descent of the Hourat. The peasantry of Béarn still retain their primitive costume, the men wearing the *béret*, which resembles the Scotch bonnet, and a red sash round the waist; the women covering their heads with a red hood. Arcadian ideas of shepherdesses seldom include the umbrellas, but it will be observed that the lady in the sketch carries one worthy of Mrs. Gamp.

The Pic de Ger, as seen from Laruns, is a most peculiar-looking mountain, with sides as steep as a wall. It is not, however, very difficult of ascent, and rewards those who climb its 8573 feet with a splendid view of the other mountains and of the cities of the plain, such as Pau and Tarbes.

(Continued from No. 864, page 635.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," "MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK EIGHTH.

CHAPTER I.

ON the 8th of May the vote of the Plébiscite was recorded—between seven and eight millions of Frenchmen in support of the imperial programme—in plain words, of the Emperor himself—against a minority of 1,500,000. But among the 1,500,000 were the old throne-shakers—those who compose and those who lead the mob of Paris. On the 14th, as Rameau was about to quit the editorial bureau of his printing-office, a note was brought in to him, which strongly excited his nervous system. It contained a request to see him forthwith, signed by those two distinguished foreign members of the Secret Council of Ten, Thaddeus Loubisky and Leonardo Raselli.

The meetings of that Council had been so long suspended that Rameau had almost forgotten its existence. He gave orders to admit the conspirators. The two men entered—the Pole, tall, stalwart, and with martial stride; the Italian, small, emaciated, with skulking, noiseless, catlike step—both looking wondrous threadbare, and in that state called "shabby genteel," which belongs to the man who can not work for his livelihood, and assumes a superiority over the man who can. Their outward appearance was in notable discord with that of the poet-politician—he all new in the last fashions of Parisian elegance, and redolent of Parisian prosperity and *extrait de Mousseline!*

"*Confrère*," said the Pole, seating himself on the edge of the table, while the Italian leaned against the mantel-piece, and glanced round the room with furtive eye, as if to detect its innermost secrets, or decide where safest to drop a lucifer match for its conflagration—"*confrère*," said the Pole, "your country needs you—"

"Rather the cause of all countries," interposed the Italian, softly—"Humanity."

"Please to explain yourselves. But stay; wait a moment," said Rameau; and rising, he went to the door, opened it, looked forth, ascertained that the coast was clear, then reclosed the door as cautiously as a prudent man closes his pocket whenever shabby-genteel visitors appeal to him in the cause of his country, still more if they appeal in that of Humanity.

"*Confrère*," said the Pole, "this day a movement is to be made—a demonstration on behalf of your country—"

"Of Humanity," again softly interposed the Italian.

"Attend and share it," said the Pole.

"Pardon me," said Rameau, "I do not know what you mean. I am now the editor of a journal in which the proprietor does not countenance violence; and if you come to me as a member of the Council, you must be aware that I should obey no orders but that of its president, whom I have not seen for nearly a year; indeed, I know not if the Council still exists."

"The Council exists, and with it the obligations it imposes," replied Thaddeus. "Pampered with luxury"—here the Pole raised his voice—"do you dare to reject the voice of Poverty and Freedom?"

"Hush, dear but too vehement *confrère*," murmured the bland Italian; "permit me to dispel the reasonable doubts of our *confrère*;" and he took out of his breast pocket a paper, which he presented to Rameau. On it were written these words:

"This evening, May 14. Demonstration.—Faubourg du Temple.—Watch events, under orders of A. M. Bid the youngest member take that first opportunity to test nerves and discretion. He is not to act, but to observe."

No name was appended to this instruction, but a cipher intelligible to all members of the Council as significant of its president, Jean Lebeau.

"If I err not," said the Italian, "Citizen Rameau is our youngest *confrère*."

Rameau paused. The penalties for disobedience to an order of the President of the Council were too formidable to be disregarded. There could be no doubt that, though his name was not mentioned, he, Rameau, was accurately designated the youngest member of the Council. Still, however he might have owed his present position to the recommendation of Lebeau, there was nothing in the conversation of M. de Mauléon which would warrant participation in a popular *émeute* by the editor of a journal belonging to that mocker of the mob. Ah! but—and here again he glanced over the paper—he was asked "not to act, but to observe." To observe was the duty of a journalist. He might go to the demonstration as De Mauléon confessed *he* had gone to the Communist Club—a philosophical spectator.

"You do not disobey this order?" said the Pole, crossing his arms.

"I shall certainly go into the Faubourg du Temple this evening," answered Rameau, dryly. "I have business that way."

"*Bon!*" said the Pole. "I did not think you would fail us, though you do edit a journal which says not a word on the duties that bind the French people to the resuscitation of Poland."

"And is not pronounced in decided accents upon the cause of the human race," put in the Italian, whispering.

"I do not write the political articles in *Le Sens Commun*," answered Rameau; "and I suppose that our president is satisfied with them, since he recommended me to the preference of the person who does. Have you more to say? Pardon me, my time is precious, for it does not belong to me."

"Eno!" said the Italian; "we will detain you no longer." Here, with bow and smile, he glided toward the door.

"*Confrère*," muttered the Pole, lingering, "you must have become very rich! Do not forget the wrongs of Poland—I am their Representative—I—speaking in that character, not as myself individually—*I* have not breakfasted!"

Rameau, too thoroughly Parisian not to be as lavish of his own money as he was envious of another's, slipped some pieces of gold into the Pole's hand. The Pole's bosom heaved with manly emotion. "These pieces bear the effigies of the tyrant—I accept them as redeemed from disgrace by their uses to Freedom."

"Share them with Signor Raselli in the name of the same cause," whispered Rameau, with a smile he might have plagiarized from De Mauléon.

The Italian, whose ear was inured to whispers, heard and turned round as he stood at the threshold.

"No, *confrère* of France—no, *confrère* of Poland—I am Italian. All ways to take the life of an enemy are honorable—no way is honorable which begs money from a friend."

An hour or so later Rameau was driven in his comfortable *coupé* to the Faubourg du Temple.

Suddenly, at the angle of a street, his coachman was stopped—a rough-looking man appeared at the door—"*Descend, mon petit bourgeois.*" Behind the rough-looking man were menacing faces.

Rameau was not physically a coward—very few Frenchmen are, still fewer Parisians; and still fewer, no matter what their birth-place, the men whom we call vain—the men who overmuch covet distinction, and overmuch dread reproach.

"Why should I descend at your summons?" said Rameau, haughtily. "*Bah!* Coachman, drive on!"

The rough-looking man opened the door, and silently extended a hand to Rameau, saying, gently, "Take my advice, *mon bourgeois*. Get out—we want your carriage. It is a day of barricades—every little helps, even your *coupé!*"

While this man spoke, others gesticulated; some shrieked out, "He is an employer; he thinks he can drive over the employed!" Some leader of the crowd—a Parisian crowd always has a classical leader, who has never read the classics—thundered forth, "Tarquin's car!" "Down with Tarquin!" Therewith came a yell, "*A la lanterne—Tarquin!*"

We Anglo-Saxons, of the old country or the new, are not familiarized to the dread roar of a populace delighted to have a Roman authority for tearing us to pieces; still Americans know what is Lynch-law. Rameau was in danger of Lynch-law, when suddenly a face not unknown to him interposed between himself and the rough-looking man.

"Ha!" cried this new-comer. "My young *confrère*, Gustave Rameau, welcome! Citizens, make way. I answer for this patriot—I, Armand Monnier. He comes to help us. Is this the way you receive him?" Then in low voice to Rameau, "Come out. Give your *coupé* to the barricade. What matters such rubbish? Trust to me—I expected you. Hist!—Lebeau bids me see that you are safe."

Rameau then, seeking to drape himself in majesty—as the aristocrats of journalism in a city wherein no other aristocracy is recognized naturally and commendably do when ignorance combined with physical strength asserts itself to be a power beside which the power of knowledge is what a learned poodle is to a tiger—Rameau then descended from his *coupé*, and said to this Titan of labor, as a French marquis might have said to his valet, and as when the French marquis has become a ghost of the past the man who keeps a *coupé* says to the man who mends his wheels, "Honest fellow, I trust you."

Monnier led the journalist through the mob to the rear of the barricade hastily constructed. Here were assembled very motley groups.

The majority being ragged boys, the *gamins* of Paris, commingled with several women of no reputable appearance, some dingily, some gaudily appareled, the crowd did not appear as if the business in hand was a very serious one. Amidst the din of voices the sound of laughter rose predominant, jests and *bons mots* flew from lip to lip. The astonishing good humor of the Parisians was not yet excited into the ferocity that grows out of it by a street contest. It was less like a popular *émeute* than a gathering of school-boys, bent not less on fun than on mischief. But still amidst this gayer crowd were sinister, lowering faces; the fiercest were not those of the very poor, but rather of artisans who, to judge by their dress, seemed well off—of men belonging to yet higher grades. Rameau distinguished among these the *Médecin des Pauvres*, the philosophical atheist, sundry young long-haired artists, middle-aged writers for the Republican press, in close neighborhood with ruffians of villainous aspect, who might have been newly returned from the galleys. None were regularly armed, still revolvers and muskets and long knives were by no means unfrequently interspersed among the rioters. The whole scene was to Rameau a confused panorama, and the dissonant tumult of yells and laughter, of menace and joke, began rapidly to act on his impressionable nerves. He felt that which is the prevalent character of a Parisian riot—the intoxication of an impulsive sympathy. Coming there as a reluctant spectator, if action commenced, he would have been borne readily into the thick of the action—he could not have helped it; already he grew impatient of the suspense of strife. Monnier having deposited him safely with his back to a wall, at the corner of a street handy for flight, if flight became expedient, had left him for several minutes, having business elsewhere. Suddenly the whisper of the Italian stole into his ear—"These men are fools. This is not the way to do business—this does not hurt the Robber of Nice—Garibald's Nice. They should have left it to me."

"What would you do?"

"I have invented a new machine," whispered the Friend of Humanity; "it would remove all at one blow—lion and lioness, whelp and jackals—and *then* the Revolution if you will!—not this paltry tumult. The cause of the human race is being frittered away. I am disgusted with Lebeau. Thrones are not overturned by *gamins*."

Before Rameau could answer, Monnier rejoined him. The artisan's face was overcast—his lips compressed, yet quivering with indignation. "Brother," he said to Rameau, "to-day the cause is betrayed"—(the word *trahi* was just then coming into vogue at Paris)—"the *blouses* I counted on are recreant. I have just learned that all is quiet in the other *Quartiers* where the rising was to have been simultaneous with this. We are in a *guet-apens*—the soldiers will be down on us in a few minutes—hark! don't you hear the distant tramp? Nothing for us but to die like men. Our blood will be avenged later. Here!" and he thrust a revolver into Rameau's hand. Then, with a lusty voice that rang through the crowd, he shouted, "*Vive le peuple!*" The rioters caught and re-echoed the cry, mingled with other cries, "*Vive la République! Vive le drapeau rouge!*"

The shouts were yet at their full when a strong hand grasped Monnier's arm, and a clear, deep but low voice thrilled through his ear—"Obey!—I warned you. No fight to-day. Time not ripe. All that is needed is done—do not undo it. Hist! the *Sergens de Ville* are force enough to disperse the swarm of those gnats. Behind the *Sergens* come soldiers who will not fraternize. Lose not one life to-day. The morrow when we shall need every man—nay, every *gamin*—will dawn soon. Answer not. Obey!" The same strong hand, quitting its hold on Monnier, then seized Rameau by the wrist, and the same deep voice said, "Come with me." Rameau, turning in amaze, not unmixed with anger, saw beside him a tall man with sombrero hat pressed close over his head, and in the blouse of a laborer, but through such disguise he recognized the pale gray whiskers and green spectacles of Lebeau. He yielded passively to the grasp that led him away down the deserted street at the angle.

At the further end of that street, however, was heard the steady thud of hoofs.

"The soldiers are taking the mob at its rear," said Lebeau, calmly; "we have not a moment to lose—this way;" and he plunged into a dismal court, then into a labyrinth of lanes, followed mechanically by Rameau. They issued at last on the Boulevards, in which the usual loungers were quietly sauntering, wholly unconscious of the riot elsewhere. "Now take that *fiacre* and go home; write down your impressions of what you have seen, and take your MS. to M. de Mauléon." Lebeau here quitted him.

Meanwhile all happened as Lebeau had predicted. The *Sergens de Ville* showed themselves in front of the barricades; a small troop of mounted soldiers appeared in the rear. The mob greeted the first with yells and a shower of stones; at the sight of the last they fled in all directions; and the *Sergens de Ville*, calmly scaling the barricades, carried off in triumph, as prisoners of war, four *gamins*, three women, and one Irishman, loudly protesting innocence, and shrieking, "Murther!" So ended that first inglorious rise against the *Plébiscite* and the empire, on the 14th of May, 1870.

FROM ISAURA CICOGNA TO MADAME DE GRANTMESNIL.

"SATURDAY, *May* 21, 1870.

"I am still, dearest Eulalie, under the excitement of impressions wholly new to me. I have this day witnessed one of those scenes which take us out of our private life, not into the world of fiction, but of history, in which we live as in the life of a nation. You know how intimate I have become with Valérie Duplessis. She is in herself so charming in her combination of petulant willfulness and guileless *naïveté* that she might sit as a model for one of your exquisite heroines. Her father, who is in great favor at court, had tickets for the *Salle des États* of the Louvre to-day—when, as the journals will tell you, the results of the *Plébiscite* were formally announced to the Emperor—and I accompanied him and Valérie. I felt, on entering the hall, as if I had been living for months in an atmosphere of false rumors, for those I chiefly meet in the circles of artists and men of letters, and the wits and *flâneurs* who haunt such circles, are nearly all hostile to the Emperor. They agree, at least, in asserting the decline of his popularity, the failure of his intellectual powers—in predicting his downfall, deriding the notion of a successor in his son. Well, I know not how to reconcile these statements with the spectacle I have beheld to-day.

"In the chorus of acclamation amidst which the Emperor entered the hall it seemed as if one heard the voice of the France he had just appealed to. If the Fates are really weaving woe and shame in his woof, it is in hues which, to mortal eyes, seem brilliant with glory and joy.

"You will read the address of the President of the Corps Législatif. I wonder how it will strike you. I own fairly that me it wholly carried away. At each sentiment I murmured to myself, 'Is not this true? and, if true, are France and human nature ungrateful?'

"'It is now,' said the president, 'eighteen years since France, wearied with confusion and anxious for security, confiding in your genius and the Napoleonic dynasty, placed in your hands, together with the Imperial Crown, the authority which the public necessity demanded.' Then the address proceeded to enumerate the blessings that ensued—social order speedily restored—the welfare of all classes of society promoted—advances in commerce and manufactures to an extent hitherto unknown. Is not this true? and if so, are you, noble daughter of France, ungrateful?

"Then came words which touched me deeply—me, who, knowing nothing of politics, still feel the link that unites Art to Freedom. 'But from the first your Majesty has looked forward to the time when this concentration of power would no longer correspond to the aspirations of a tranquil and reassured country, and foreseeing the progress of modern society, you proclaimed that "Liberty must be the crowning of the edifice."' Passing then over the previous gradual advances in popular government, the president came to the 'present self-abnegation, unprecedented in history,' and to the vindication of that *Plébiscite* which I have heard so assailed—viz., Fidelity to the great principle upon which the throne was founded required that so important a modification of a power bestowed by the people should not be made without the participation of the people themselves. Then, enumerating the millions who had welcomed the new form of government, the president paused a second or two, as if with suppressed emotion, and every one present held his breath, till, in a deeper voice, through which there ran a quiver that thrilled through the hall, he concluded with, 'France is with you; France places the cause of liberty under the protection of your dynasty and the great bodies of the state.' Is France with him? I know not; but if the malcontents of France had been in the hall at that moment, I believe they would have felt the power of that wonderful sympathy which compels all the hearts in great audiences to beat in accord, and would have answered, 'It is true.'

"All eyes now fixed on the Emperor, and I noticed few eyes which were not moist with tears. You know that calm, unrevealing face of his—a face which sometimes disappoints expectation. But there is that in it which I have seen in no other, but which I can imagine to have been common to the Romans of old, the dignity that arises from self-control—an expression which seems removed from the elation of joy, the depression of sorrow—not unbecoming to one who has known great vicissitudes of Fortune, and is prepared alike for her frowns or her smiles.

"I had looked at that face while M. Schneider was reading the address—it moved not a muscle; it might have been a face of marble: even when at moments the words were drowned in applause, and the Empress, striving at equal composure, still allowed us to see a movement of her eyelids—a tremble on her lips. The boy at his right, heir to his dynasty, had his looks fixed on the president, as if eagerly swallowing each word in the address, save once or twice, when he looked round the hall curiously, and with a smile, as a mere child might look. He struck me as a mere child. Next to the Prince was one of those countenances which, once seen, are never to be forgotten—the true Napoleonic type, brooding, thoughtful, ominous, beautiful, but not with the serene energy that characterizes the head of the first Napoleon when Emperor, and wholly without the restless eagerness for action which is stamped in the lean outline of Napoleon when First Consul. No; in Prince Napoleon there is the beauty to which, as woman, I could never give my heart—were I man, the intellect that would not command my trust. But, nevertheless, in beauty it is signal, and in that beauty the expression of intellect is predominant.

"Oh, dear Eulalie, how I am digressing! The Emperor spoke—and believe me, Eulalie, whatever the journals or your compatriots may insinuate, there is in that man no signs of declining intellect or failing health. I care not what may be his years, but that man is in mind and in health as young as Cæsar when he crossed the Rubicon.

"The old cling to the past—they do not go forward to the future. There was no going back in that speech of the Emperor. There was something grand and something young in the modesty with which he put aside all references to that which his empire had done in the past, and said, with a simple earnestness of manner which I can not adequately describe:

"'We must more than ever look fearlessly forward to the future. Who can be opposed to the progressive march of a régime founded by a great people in the midst of political disturbance, and which now is fortified by liberty?'

"As he closed, the walls of that vast hall seemed to rock with an applause that must have been heard on the other side of the Seine.

"'*Vive l'Empereur!*'

"'*Vive l'Impératrice!*'

"'*Vive le Prince Impérial!*' And the last cry was yet more prolonged than the others, as if to affirm the dynasty.

"Certainly I can imagine no court in the old days of chivalry more splendid than the audience in that grand hall of the Louvre. To the right of the throne all the embassadors of the civilized world in the blaze of their rich costumes and manifold orders. In the gallery at the left, yet more behind, the dresses and jewels of the *dames d'honneur* and of the great officers of state. And when the Empress rose to depart, certainly my fancy can not picture a more queen-like image, or one that seemed more in unison with the representation of royal pomp and power. The very dress, of a color which would have been fatal to the beauty of most women equally fair—a deep golden color (Valérie profanely called it buff)—seemed so to suit the splendor of the ceremony and the day; it seemed as if that stately form stood in the midst of a sunlight reflected from itself. Day seemed darkened when that sunlight passed away.

"I fear you will think I have suddenly grown servile to the gauds and shows of mere royalty. I ask myself if that be so—I think not. Surely it is a higher sense of greatness which has been impressed on me by the pageant of to-day: I feel as if there were brought vividly before me the majesty of France, through the representation of the ruler she has crowned.

"I feel also as if there, in that hall, I found a refuge from all the warring contests in which no two seem to me in agreement as to the sort of government to be established in place of the present. The 'Liberty' clamored for by one would cut the throat of the 'Liberty' worshiped by another.

"I see a thousand phantom forms of LIBERTY, but only one living symbol of ORDER—that which spoke from a throne to-day."

* * * * * * *

Isaura left her letter uncompleted. On the following Monday she was present at a crowded *soirée* given by M. Louvier. Among the guests were some of the most eminent leaders of the Opposition, including that vivacious master of sharp sayings, M. P——, whom Savarin entitled "the French Sheridan." If laws could be framed in epigrams, he would be also the French Solon.

There, too, was Victor de Mauléon, regarded by the Republican party with equal admiration and distrust. For the distrust he himself pleasantly accounted in talk with Savarin.

"How can I expect to be trusted? I represent 'Common-Sense.' Every Parisian likes Common-Sense in print, and cries, '*Je suis trahi,*' when Common-Sense is to be put into action."

A group of admiring listeners had collected round one (perhaps the most brilliant) of those oratorical lawyers by whom, in France, the respect for all law has been so often talked away. He was speaking of the Saturday's ceremonial with eloquent indignation. It was a mockery to France to talk of her placing Liberty under the protection of the empire.

There was a flagrant token of the military force under which civil freedom was held in the very dress of the Emperor and his insignificant son: the first in the uniform of a General of Division; the second, forsooth, in that of a *Sous-Lieutenant*. Then other liberal chiefs chimed in. "The army," said one, "was an absurd expense; it must be put down." "The world was grown too civilized for war," said another. "The Empress was priest-ridden," said a third. "Churches might be tolerated—Voltaire built a church, but a church simply to the God of Nature, not of priestcraft." And so on.

Isaura, whom any sneer at religion pained and revolted, here turned away from the orators to whom she had before been listening with earnest attention, and her eyes fell on the countenance of De Mauléon, who was seated opposite. The countenance startled her, its expression was so angrily scornful. That expression, however, vanished at once as De Mauléon's eye met her own, and drawing his chair near to her, he said, smiling, "Your look tells me that I almost frightened you by the ill-bred frankness with which my face must have betrayed my anger at hearing such imbecile twaddle from men who aspire to govern our turbulent France. You remember that after Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake a quack advertised 'pills against earthquakes.' These messieurs are not so cunning as the quack; he did not name the ingredients of his pills."

"But, M. de Mauléon," said Isaura, "if you, being opposed to the empire, think so ill of the wisdom of those who would destroy it, are you prepared with remedies for earthquakes more efficacious than their pills?"

"I reply as a famous English statesman, when in opposition, replied to a somewhat similar question, 'I don't prescribe till I'm called in.'"

"To judge by the seven millions and a half whose votes were announced on Saturday, and by the enthusiasm with which the Emperor was greeted, there is too little fear of an earthquake for a good trade to the pills of these *messieurs*, or for fair play to the remedies you will not disclose till called in."

"Ah, *mademoiselle*, playful wit from lips not formed for politics makes me forget all about emperors and earthquakes. Pardon that commonplace compliment. Remember I am a Frenchman, and can not help being frivolous."

"You rebuke my presumption too gently. True, I ought not to intrude political subjects on one like you—I understand so little about them—but this is my excuse, I so desire to know more."

M. de Mauléon paused, and looked at her earnestly with a kindly, half-compassionate look, wholly free from the impertinence of gallantry. "Young poetess," he said, softly, "you care for politics! Happy indeed is he—and whether he succeed or fail in his ambition abroad, proud should he be of an ambition crowned at home—he who has made you desire to know more of politics!"

The girl felt the blood surge to her temples. How could she have been so self-confessed! She made no reply, nor did M. de Mauléon seem to expect one. With that rare delicacy of high-breeding which appears in France to belong to a former generation he changed his tone, and went on as if there had been no interruption to the question her words implied:

"You think the empire secure—that it is menaced by no earthquake? You deceive yourself. The Emperor began with a fatal mistake, but a mistake it needs many years to discover. He disdained the slow natural process of adjustment between demand and supply—employer and workmen. He desired—no ignoble ambition—to make Paris the wonder of the world, the eternal monument of his reign. In so doing he sought to create artificial modes of content for revolutionary workmen. Never has any ruler had such tender heed of manual labor to the disparagement of intellectual culture. Paris is embellished; Paris is the wonder of the world. Other great towns have followed its example; they too have their rows of palaces and temples. Well, the time comes when the magician can no longer give work to the spirits he raises; then they must fall on him and rend: out of the very houses he built for the better habitation of workmen will flock the malcontents who cry, 'Down with the empire!' On the 21st day of May you witnessed the pompous ceremony which announces to the empire a vast majority of votes that will be utterly useless to it, except as food for gunpowder in the times that are at hand. Seven days before, on the 14th of May, there was a riot in the *Faubourg du Temple*—easily put down—you scarcely hear of it. That riot was not the less necessary to those who would warn the empire that it is mortal. True, the riot disperses; but it is unpunished: riot unpunished is a revolution begun. The earthquake is nearer than you think; and for that earthquake what are the pills yon quacks advertise? They prate of an age too enlightened for war; they would mutilate the army—nay, disband it if they could—with Prussia next door to France. Prussia, desiring, not unreasonably, to take that place in the world which France now holds, will never challenge France—if she did she would be too much in the wrong to find a second; Prussia, knowing that she has to do with the vainest, the most conceited, the rashest antagonist that ever flourished a rapier into the face of a *spadassin*—Prussia will make France challenge her.

"And how do *ces messieurs* deal with the French army? Do they dare say to the ministers, 'Reform it?' Do they dare say, 'Prefer for men whose first duty it is to obey—discipline to equality; insist on the distinction between the officer and the private, and never confound it; Prussian officers are well-educated gentlemen—see that yours are?' Oh no! they are democrats too stanch not to fraternize with an armed mob; they content themselves with grudging an extra *sou* to the Commissariat, and winking at the millions fraudulently pocketed by some 'Liberal contractor.' *Dieu des dieux!* France to be beaten, not as at Waterloo by hosts combined, but in fair duel by a single foe! Oh, the shame! the shame! But as the French army is now organized, beaten she *must* be, if she meets the march of the German."

"You appall me with your sinister predictions," said Isaura; "but, happily, there is no sign of war. M. Duplessis, who is in the confidence of the Emperor, told us only the other day that Napoleon, on learning the result of the Plébiscite, said, 'The foreign journalists who have been insisting that the empire can not coexist with free institutions will no longer hint that it can be safely assailed from without.' And more than ever I may say, *L'Empire c'est la paix!*"

Monsieur de Mauléon shrugged his shoulders. "The old story—Troy and the wooden horse."

"Tell me, M. de Mauléon, why do you, who so despise the Opposition, join with it in opposing the empire?"

"Mademoiselle, the empire opposes me. While it lasts I can not be even a *Député;* when it is gone—Heaven knows what I may be, perhaps Dictator—one thing you may rely upon, that I would, if not Dictator myself, support any man who was better fitted for that task."

"Better fitted to destroy the liberty which he pretended to fight for!"

"Not exactly so," replied M. de Mauléon, imperturbably. "Better fitted to establish a good government in lieu of the bad one he had fought against, and the much worse governments that would seek to turn France into a mad-house, and make the maddest of the inmates the mad-doctor." He turned away, and here their conversation ended.

But it so impressed Isaura that the same night she concluded her letter to Madame de Grantmesnil by giving a sketch of its substance, prefaced by an ingenuous confession that she felt less sanguine confidence in the importance of the applauses which had greeted the Emperor at the Saturday's ceremonial, and ending thus: "I can but confusedly transcribe the words of this singular man, and can give you no notion of the manner and the voice which made them eloquent. Tell me, can there be any truth in his gloomy predictions? I try not to think so, but they seem to rest over that brilliant hall of the Louvre like an ominous thunder-cloud."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

EVERY body desires to live long, but nobody wants to be old, says Swift. In one sense this is not an unreasonable wish, for age simply counted by years is a very arbitrary mode of reckoning. If it could be foreseen how long the bodily and mental constitution would maintain their vigor, then the period of age setting in might be calculated with some accuracy. As it is, many men of fifty are older than others a score of years their senior. Decrepitude and deadened faculties are old age whenever they come. We of necessity use the term whether speaking of decay or length of days; but people may be excused from appropriating the epithet old to themselves when the spring of life still lasts in them. All vigorous septuagenarians resent the civilities of forward politeness, officious in its offer of assistance. Even those reverential marks of deference which have got the Spartan youth so much credit with posterity, would certainly not suit the taste of our more advanced civilization. The astute man of the world, however many years he counts, prefers to meet men as equals while he meets them at all. It is only when a certain point is reached and retirement is courted, when age is alike felt and acknowledged a distinction by the bearer of a weight of years, and those who admire how worthily and reverently they are borne, that open demonstrations of respect are appropriate.

No house, said Sydney Smith, is well fitted up in the country without people of all ages in it. There must be an old man or woman to *pet*, he says; to *respect*, we add; for a child's first impressions of old age, such as influence the sentiment of a life, are caught from the tone around it. John Kemble's widow used to tell how her husband on a visit at some great house had the ill luck to throw down and break some little Lady Mary's favorite doll. The child stood in speechless indignation till her anger found vent in an epithet the most disparaging she knew, "You are an *old* man." In a simpler household, where age was held in veneration, a child of some three or four years old was reading in Genesis to an ancient lady. "Are *you* as old as Methuselah?" he asked, in all innocence, looking up into the kindly wrinkled face. The old lady, tickled by the question, repeated it a year after in the presence of the boy's younger brother, who, seeing people laugh, felt an apology incumbent upon him. "I dare say," said he, "he only said it out of compliment."

The question of age to ordinary men does not become a personal one so long as the majority of the people he meets, either in domestic life, society, or the street, are his seniors. A man of sixty living exclusively with people of seventy or eighty would always feel young. We see this where an elderly daughter has the charge of parents, who engross her thoughts; until they die she scarcely realizes her own standing; it adds, perhaps, a gloom to her life to find herself suddenly in another class—a generation older, a subject for that "powerful distemper, old age," as Montaigne calls it.

LINKS IN GERMAN LITERATURE.

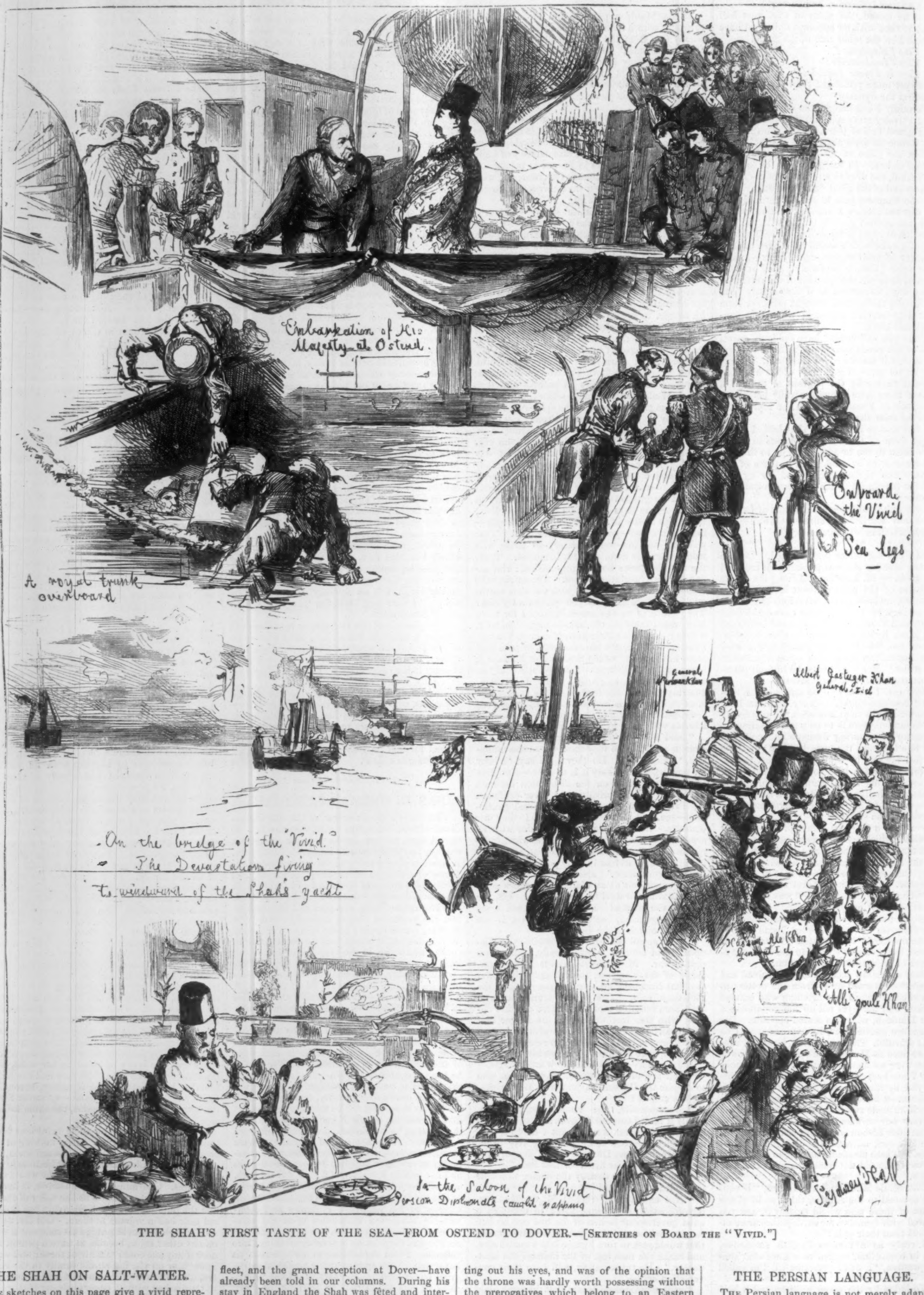
THE life of a minne-singer, or German troubadour, of the thirteenth century seems now so unreal that we can hardly imagine it as ever existing any where save on the stage of the opera. A modern poet, writing in his lonely study lyric poems of which he never sings one stanza, and sending out copies of them to be read mostly in solitude and silence—this seems real and rational. We can respect both the poet and his readers. But the mediæval singer, trained to arms, yet devoting himself in the prime of life to the study of versification, "wandering on from court to court," and there, in the presence of ladies and knights, singing his own songs to tunes of his own composing, accompanying himself, moreover, on a large inelegant kind of fiddle with only three strings—this is a picture too fantastic to be taken for a portrait. The minstrel-knight, riding along with a studious, melancholy face, and humming over his own newly composed tune—calling on woods, streams, and birds to sympathize with his sorrow, while he complains of the unkindness of an elected lady, to whom he has never spoken a word—this is a caricature that seems to have been invented by Cervantes; but it was once a living reality, however incredible it may now seem. The minne-singer was at first an imitator of the French troubadour, and the traveling ballad-singer represented the French jongleur. Their songs and recitations were mediæval substitutes for such intellectual excitements as are now supplied by our newspapers and our prolific literature of fiction, our theatres, and our concerts of highly developed music. While the knight-errant fed his imagination with sonnets to his mistress's eyebrows and interminable allegorical rhapsodies upon the mysteries of the tender passion, the boor found recreation and consolation in turning all things into ridicule. From the sublime to the ludicrous 'tis but a step. Thus springs up the mediæval satire, gross but pungent. Mockery of all the pretensions of superior station, or learning, or piety, could now give a zest to the dullest story. Such satire was sometimes fairly directed against pride, hypocrisy, and pedantry; but its success must be mainly ascribed to the fact that it appealed to the common and powerful motives of egotism and envy. It was a leveling down that delighted the vulgar. So, in *Salomon and Morolf*—a tale reproduced in the fourteenth century from a Latin original—the writer tells with glee how a coarse and abusive boor, Morolf, made a fool of Salomon. The king, to whom all wisdom was given, was so unwise as to hold a long controversy with the fool. They differed especially in their respective estimates of the virtues of women. "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," says Morolf. "You are always thinking of your wives and concubines, and therefore you are so eloquent in their praise." Salomon now recites his own fine chapter from the book of Proverbs in praise of a virtuous wife; but Morolf declares that is a mere fancy sketch, and utters, as a contrast, a series of coarse and indiscriminate libels on women. He reminds the king that, at the creation, God looked on all the works that he had made, and saw that they were good; but that after woman was made the earth was cursed. At this juncture Nathan the prophet interposes, and prudently advises King Salomon to cease from further argument with Morolf. The king replies by quoting one of his own proverbs, "Answer a fool according to his folly," and then prosecutes the argument. At last, fatigued by the boor's impudence and pertinacity, he declines to go on with the discussion, and Morolf of course claims the victory. But an insurrection of the king's wives and concubines follows, and in obedience to their demand the fool is condemned to be hanged. In recognition of some alleviations of royal ennui afforded by Morolf's broad humor, the king gives him the privilege of selecting the tree on which he will be suspended. Accordingly the executioners lead the fool through the valley of Jehoshaphat, to the Mount of Olives, all the way down to the Dead Sea, and into Arabia, but nowhere can he find a suitable tree on which to be hanged. The result is that the king pardons Morolf, who thus by his folly triumphs over the wisdom of Salomon, and secures for himself a place in mediæval comic literature.

HEREDITARY GHOSTS.

WHAT ivy is to the ruin, what a fine bee's-wing is to port, that a ghost is to a country-house. An old country-house without a ghost is a very serious matter—suspicious in itself, suggestive of parvenuism, utterly fatal to the claims of any family to antiquity. "Thank Heaven, it takes three generations to grow an avenue of oaks!" said a poor aristocratic friend of Erskine's when they had cleared the grounds of a man with whom they had just dined, and who had every thing but antiquity on his side. It takes much longer than that to produce a respectable ghost; it can not be done under six or seven generations.

Ghosts—and this is very important—may be divided into three distinct classes, which must not be confounded. There is that vulgar and detestable class typified by the Cock Lane affair—old men condemned to be perpetually repeating the Bible backward, cattle without heads, and aimless noises. The second class consists of well-defined apparitions, generally of men or animals, which appear ten or twelve times perhaps in a lifetime, usually after supper, whose Ariel takes the shape of salmon with cucumber or Welsh rare-bit, and whose Prospero is the doctor. The third class comprises the real thing—the true, unmistakable hereditary ghost, constantly associated by skeptics with its inferior and spurious brethren, but utterly distinct in its origin, its appearance, and its habits. Its origin is invariably lost in the twilight of fable. These ghosts are essentially aristocratic; they seem to wax and wane, as certain trees are said to do, with the fortune of the house to which they are attached; they never pass from one family to another. You may come into the mansion, but you can not come into the ghost, of an old family. In the grave of the last hereditary possessor are buried also the hereditary ghosts. These ghosts, like good servants, are seen and not heard. No objectless clanking of chains, rattling of bones, rumbling of barrels, and the like ever accompany them; they are much too respectable for that. They rarely make their appearance, and when they do, it is only a glimpse that can be caught of them. The breath of their life is tradition. Gray-haired butlers and superannuated nurses are their chroniclers, and over the winter's fire you may hear their story told. Generation after generation their legend is handed down with a weird accuracy and a strange uniformity of detail: nothing is exaggerated, nothing lost. The pale-faced lady flitting by the window or gliding down the stairs with the speck of blood on her wrist, the beautiful child with the golden hair and the dead robin in her breast, or the shadowy, shrouded figure and the beckoning hand—whatever form the legend takes, so it remains, the same to-day as three hundred years ago.

It is curious to see how these traditions have penetrated into literature. To say nothing of the poets, who would naturally lean toward them, the grave historian Clarendon does not hesitate to cite them with perhaps more awe than he would care to confess. Charming Lady Fanshawe, in her delightful *Memoirs*, trembles as she talks of them; and the philosophic Joseph Glanville has dedicated near half a volume to them. Old Dr. Johnson, though he would grudge his company a word on any other topic, became at once a patient listener if any one could talk about these; and we all know how on visiting an old family in the country, after surveying the ancient gabled house, he at once asked with an eager curiosity if there was any ghost. Ghosts are gradually leaving even England; the atmosphere of common life is too much for them; the grand old family mansions, their chosen homes, are changing hands, passing into the possession of strangers. The introduction of gunpowder is said to have given the finishing stroke to chivalry; and what we are so fond of dubbing common-sense has given the finishing stroke to better things than superstition. When old Troy had fallen, and the light of day was poured into the recesses of Priam's palaces, Virgil is careful to tell us that the gods of the city had deserted her—had flown away never to return.


Embarkation of His Majesty at Ostend.
A royal trunk overboard
On board the Vivid
"Sea legs"
On the bridge of the "Vivid."
The Devastation firing to windward of the Shah's yacht
General Khan
Albert Gastuger Khan General I cl
Hassan Ali Khan General I cl
"Alli goule Khan
In the Saloon of the Vivid
Persian Diplomats caught napping
Sydney Hall

THE SHAH'S FIRST TASTE OF THE SEA—FROM OSTEND TO DOVER.—[SKETCHES ON BOARD THE "VIVID."]

THE SHAH ON SALT-WATER.

THE sketches on this page give a vivid representation of the incidents of the Shah's little voyage from Ostend to Dover, when he had his first taste of genuine salt-water. His entertainers appear to have been a little disgusted that the Channel, so frequently rough and boisterous, should have been as placid and unruffled as a sea of glass during the passage of the royal party. It would have been much more amusing had the sea given the Shah a good shaking up before he landed on English soil.

The incidents of the trip—the loss and recovery of a royal trunk at the moment of embarkation, the lunch, the encounter with the Channel fleet, and the grand reception at Dover—have already been told in our columns. During his stay in England the Shah was fêted and interviewed incessantly. Deputations from leading cities waited on him with absurd addresses, and not only bored him, but made themselves supremely ridiculons. It does not appear that the Shah has learned much during his European tour. He will return to Persia with all his Eastern prejudices confirmed, and more than ever convinced that neither Germany nor England can offer any thing in forms of government superior to the Persian system. He is said to have been very much shocked to find that an English monarch has no right to put out of the way a too powerful subject, nor even the privilege of putting out his eyes, and was of the opinion that the throne was hardly worth possessing without the prerogatives which belong to an Eastern despot. His Majesty, it is said, can hardly be restrained from exercising the prerogatives of life and death on the members of his own suit during his travels. One eminent courtier has incurred his displeasure to such an extent that the Shah has indicated his intention to have him beheaded the moment they regain Persian territory, where the will of the sovereign is the sole law; and such is the abject submissiveness of his subjects, the poor fellow has not the spirit to leave the service of his despotic master and save his head. If he had an average American's smartness he wouldn't go back.

THE PERSIAN LANGUAGE.

THE Persian language is not merely adapted to the development of a great national literature, to the subtleties of the casuist, to the flowing narrative of the historian, to the raptures of the sonneteer. Writers of original talent have excelled in all these departments, and others have embellished history with memoirs and correspondence teeming with personal anecdotes and picturesque details. But Persian, in a large portion of the East, has monopolized the field of state, diplomacy, and social affairs. For these latter purposes it is unquestionably superior to Arabic, and it distances Sanscrit and its numerous derivatives. It has not unjustly been styled the French of the East. A Persian diplomatist or petitioner can command every variety and degree, from extravagant and high-flown metaphors to short and perspicuous phrases. A viceroy can publish an edict, can promulgate a set of rules, can prescribe duties, and threaten penalties in a fashion to be comprehended at a glance by nomads and rustics. Or, if so minded, he can, in controversy, resort to "less accurate language," and veil his purpose in profuse sentences where no diplomatist can be certain of a meaning, and no grammarian detect a flaw.

It is curious that the great Arabian lawgiver is credited with a saying that Persian ought to be spoken in Paradise, and to this day unanimous testimony to its praise and honor is borne by diplomatists who have conducted affairs in Iran, by residents and travelers who have made any progress in speaking it, and by Indian officials who have either studied it on the frontiers of the Punjab, or who were familiar with that less perfect and pure form which was once in use, as the exponent of law and justice, in the courts and tribunals of a large portion of India. It is admirably suited to repartee, proverbs, pithy sayings, and polished reproofs; and a language must have possessed a wonderful strength and simplicity of its own to have enabled those who spoke it to resist successfully all great or substantial changes at the hands of conquering Tartars and fiery and zealous Arabs. Few languages have passed through such an ordeal, or have survived such a strain.

It must, however, be candidly admitted that its poetical and even its prose works are too ornate, florid, and metaphorical to disarm a rigid censor or to suit a classical taste. The supremacy of Horace is in no danger from the odes of Hafiz. Zuleika will never speak and smile as sweetly as Lalage; and we are soon wearied with verses crammed full of jasmines and violets, thorns and roses, lovers like moths perishing in the flame of the candle, Shirin pouting with the lips of the tulip, and Leilah distinguished by the stature of the cypress and the cheek of the rose. We may therefore rest assured that, in spite of the interest awakened by the Shah's visit to Europe, and its own intrinsic merits, Persian will not be heaped up on the curriculum of our schools and colleges, nor will it add a new terror to competitive ordeals. It will probably remain what it has been hitherto, a vast field of which the harvest is occasionally reaped by eminent linguists. But there has not been a time since the days of Hadji Baba, now more than half a century ago, in which Persia and its inhabitants have so justly claimed a share of public notice.

SHAKSPEARE'S WOMEN.

SHAKSPEARE's women convey some of the finest and profoundest of philosophic truths; but he never drew a professed philosophress—a female philosopher. Shakspeare's women never sit down to philosophize, are never pragmatical philosophers; but from their lips flow sentiments of loving wisdom, out of the depths of their own sweet natures, and as the mere necessary effects of their own purity and rectitude. They are wise because they are good; they are clear-seeing because they are high-minded: their judgment is a part of their right heart. Womanly generosity gives them noble views; womanly delicacy gives them refined ideas. We see in nature many instances of gentle disposition supplying tact and understanding. There are some people with such sweet-natured hearts that these put fine inspirations into their minds, and produce ideas which seem the growth of a noble intellect.

Shakspeare's women, like the best of nature's women (of which, in fact, they are transcripts), offer rather subjects for philosophic reflection in their attributes and qualities than are themselves philosophers. They each afford a fine thesis in philosophy, instead of verbally philosophizing. The philosophy in Shakspeare's women lies in themselves and their own characters more than in what they say. They do not so much utter philosophy as that they contain philosophy. Their actions, their behavior, their whole course of conduct, are philosophy rather than their words. They do not make philosophic speeches, enunciate aphorisms, or declaim set phrases and sentences of morality; but their own several individualities are so many immortal studies in moral wisdom and moral beauty.

Yet although Shakspeare's women convey philosophy more than they promulgate it, they are nevertheless fully competent to its expression, and do give utterance, in noblest diction, to the noble dictates of their own fine natures. They possess all that constitutes nobleness; they have nobility of soul, clear intellect, enlarged mind, and upright heart. They are endowed with faculty and with principle, and their native excellence shines conspicuous through the grace and ability resulting from both.

Helena, in the play of *All's Well that Ends Well*, daughter to the Narbonne physician, and brought up in her orphanhood by the Countess of Rousillon, is philosophical by nature and by circumstance. She inherits a remedial and reliant character; and she is taught patient endurance together with strength of endeavor by the environments amidst which she is bred. These united component points combine to form her into the sensible and sweet-hearted woman that the dramatist has delineated. Born of a man who has acquired for himself professional skill and achieved for himself professional renown, she is bred up in a noble family, where its lady-mistress treats her with kindness amounting to motherly affection, and where she herself conceives an apparently hopeless affection for its lordly heir. Thus she possesses both native mental power and nurtured force of feeling. There is in Helena finest moral courage, a most elastic spirit of trust and hope, a cheerful alacrity and energy, a disposition thoroughly self-helpful and ready to make avail of every resource presented to her by her own sagacity or by opportunity. Her spirits rise with occasion; and she is ever alert and ready on prospect of a period offering for exertion and attempt. On her first conception of the project for curing the king's malady by means of her father's bequeathed prescription she exclaims with animation:

"The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fixed, and will not leave me."

And she answers the countess's suggested difficulties in her plan with firm though modest confidence:

"There's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honor
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day and hour."

SWIFT AS A FLASH.

CHAPTER I.

"ONE DAY FOUND GRACIOUS AMONG MANY DAYS."

"Do come here, Louie, and look at this unhappy black dog!"

"What is there to see in him?"

"Why, he has been running up and down the road like a mad thing for the last five minutes, and he's covered with mud, and his tongue is hanging out, and—"

"And most probably he is mad," answers Louie, yawningly. Four o'clock on a June afternoon is such a sleepy time. "I hope the darling Tootoo is safe in-doors."

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"Don't worry, dear, please; it's too hot."

"I shall go and look after him;" and Grace walks away from the window where she has been standing.

"He'll bite you, and you'll die of hydrophobia."

No answer, save a light footfall crossing the tesselated hall. So, then, this willful girl is determined to run the risk of losing her life at nineteen, for the sake of a wretched stray cur she has never set eyes on until five minutes ago. Louie Danger has no patience with such rubbish; and accordingly composes herself to slumber with praiseworthy promptitude.

There is silence in that pleasant summery flowery room. The bees hum idly in and out at the open window, shaded by a smart pink-and-white awning; a tiny breezeling trifles with the pages of that most sapient journal now lying neglected at the feet of lazy Mrs. Louie. To sit still and do nothing appears to be the whole duty of man, woman, and child just at present; and yet there goes Miss Grace Baird flying out in the broiling sun, without even so much as a hat on to shade her pretty pale face.

The object of her solicitude is not gifted with personal beauty. He is a lanky, smooth-haired, black animal, about the size of a pointer, but much slighter in build. She addresses him insidiously and whistles at him seductively; he eyes her with suspicious curiosity, cocks his head on one side, pricks up his ears, and finally sets off up the road, with his tail between his legs, as fast as his poor sore paws can carry him.

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Another second, and she is off to the kitchen in search of bones and water. Emboldened by her retreat, the dog trots leisurely back again; he seems to have made up his mind that Berrylands is in some way responsible for the loss of his master, though how he is unable to discover. Just as he reaches the gate Grace reappears with a plate of scraps in one hand and a brimming bowl in the other.

Now the canine heart is easily stirred by the sight of provender, as easily as a man's; so by the time Miss Baird has set down her burdens, our friend is wagging his tail and licking his lips as cheerfully as though fatigue and misery were things to him unknown.

"Poor old fellow!" smiles she, patting his head as he munches away. "Let's see whom you belong to!" and she turns round the leathern strap he wears about his neck in the hope of ascertaining the name of his owner. A brass plate glistens under her fingers; it is very finely engraved. Grace can not easily make out the inscription; just as she deciphers "Captain" the sharp yap of Mrs. Danger's "darling Tootoo" salutes her ears. To release the dog and shut the gate is but the work of an instant; another, and the spiderish little morsel of black-and-tan and temper, who is standing growling and snapping on the door-step, is being carried off to her mistress, despite her frantic struggles to get at the interloper, who meanwhile serenely makes an end of his meat-tea, without even deigning so much as a glance at her vixenish ladyship.

"Oh dear!" sighs yellow-haired, plump, decidedly prosperous Mrs. Danger, as her friend drops "the darling" into her lap. "I suppose I've been asleep. How extremely dreadful of me! Where have you been, dear? you look quite flushed."

"I've been feeding that strange dog, and I've found out that his master is a Captain somebody. I couldn't read the rest of the name on his collar, because this little wretch rushed out and wanted to gobble up the poor thing."

"Oh!" and a capacious yawn; "where is he?" getting up, and shaking out her blue-and-white frills and furbelows.

"At the gate; do come and see what can be done with him."

"Very well; only mind, he's not to stay here." And Mrs. Danger follows Grace down to the gate, where he is still gnawing a toothsome lamb bone with unabated zeal and appetite.

"What a hideous creature!"

"Perhaps he's clever. Ugly people often are," says Grace, stooping down to make another attempt at the discovery of his proprietor's patronymic.

"Well?" inquires Louie, shading her eyes with her shapely white hand.

"Tew—Tewell, Captain Tewell. How very odd!" cries Grace, vivaciously. You know I was brought up with the Tewells. They were Indian children, and poor mamma had the charge of them. Fancy, if this Captain Tewell should be Rae. He was the eldest, and so nice!" she adds, looking round with brightest eyes.

"Fancy, indeed! Very unlikely, however. Things never happen in that sort of happy way nowadays!" Mrs. Danger considers herself to be of a philosophical turn of mind. "However, as we have found out who owns the dog, we can't let him get lost again, though how to send him back to his master I haven't the remotest idea."

"Suppose we go to the post-office and make inquiries. This Captain Tewell must be living somewhere in Wynbridge," says Grace, keeping tight hold of the dog's collar.

"Ye-es. Poor old boy! There, don't lick me all over with your greasy tongue. Fetch him in, dear; we'll put him up in the stable."

Forthwith Grace drags him through the gate. He is about the most unwilling visitor Berrylands has known as yet; people generally esteeming the right of entry to Mrs. Danger's charming little abode one of their choicest privileges, second only, in fact, to that of being more or less intimate with charming little Mrs. Danger herself.

CHAPTER II.

"ONE FLOWER IN A GREAT MULTITUDE."

WELL, it does not take long to lodge the unexpected guest in an empty stall garnished with such creature comforts as straw and savory sundries; so by half past five, fortified by afternoon tea and the crispest, freshest of cool summer dresses, Grace and her friend sally forth to institute inquiries anent the whereabouts of this said Captain Tewell, concerning whom they both agree to feel an interest deeper than that possessed by most ordinary mortals for their fellow-creatures.

They are fair to see, both the one and the other of these two young women, as they walk along the broad white road, fringed on either side with deadened gorse and golden broom and waving larches and the lovely silver birch, all tiny whispering leaves and glistening slender stems, and sense of great delight.

Perhaps of the two, Mrs. Danger, by reason of her child-like innocent prettiness, her *svelte* figure, possesses the most attractions for the casual passer-by, and casual passers-by, after all, compose the major portion of humanity; she is so *bien mise*, and satiny and smiling, this sailor's wife (Captain Danger is at present guarding the morals and timbers of one of her Majesty's men-of-war somewhere off the coast of Africa). But for all her undisputable charms, Grace Baird can well afford to bear her company, and of this fact no one is better aware than dainty Mrs. Louie herself.

"You are very nice, you know, dear," she has said to the girl before now; "very nice indeed. You've a sort of saint-like expression which suits admirably with your hair and eyes, and you've a lovely complexion. Oh yes, you have, though you are rather pale. I don't care about pink-and-white people, you know. I am pink-and-white myself; and you will have a charming figure when you fill out a little more; and your hands and feet are decidedly good; and altogether, if I wasn't married to Fred, I wouldn't introduce you to him. No, not for worlds."

And Mrs. Danger is quite right, between ourselves, not about her lord and master being likely to fall a victim to Grace's fascinations—for that spirited and gallant gentleman believes that if Eve, Venus, and Ninon were all rolled into one woman, and exhibited for the benefit of mankind, their representative would fail to equal his "little girl" in any one particular—but on the score of her friend's real loveliness; a loveliness of mind and body blending curiously, and fashioned the one like unto the other, in a singularly harmonious and satisfactory manner.

Dogs and children and sick sorry folks trust her at first sight. Strangers tell her things they would not tell to people they had known for years. An hour in her society, looking into her sweet eyes, listening to her soft voice, will make you love her, although you be not a lover of strange women; will, if you are weary and faint with the heat and burden of your noon, refresh and strengthen you as rarely as a cup of generous wine, as the whispered lullaby of shaken leaves.

And yet she is no prig, no prim occupant of the domestic pulpit either at home or abroad. No; she is a merry soul, a bit of a humorist in her young way, fond of a peep behind the scenes now and then, prone to laughter, by no means despising the lesser joys of this terrestrial globe; nothing but a girl, in fact, with all a girl's troubles before her, poor child.

All, I say! Alas, I err; not all, for she has lost her mother, that widowed mother to whose care the Tewell children—two girls and a boy—were confided long ago, when Grace was little more than a baby, by their father, Colonel Tewell, an Indian officer of some distinction, who had served John Company well in the Afghan campaign and on various other occasions.

Being left to shift for herself as best she may, Grace has for the last year occupied the delightful position of nursery governess in a clergyman's family; she knows little or nothing thoroughly enough to teach it to others, like most of our young women, although her poor mother took care to give her what is called a "gentlewoman's education." Her midsummer holidays began exactly two days ago; she is to spend all of them with her friend, Mrs. Danger, who has been her supreme ideal of feminine perfection for upward of three years, their friendship dating from a period anterior to the said Mrs. Danger's marriage. Thus it is that you find her now perambulating the dusty Wynbridge road in company with that fortunate little lady.

They walk briskly along through the straggling village to the general post-office, situate in a grocer's shop kept by one Theophilus Wren.

"Can you tell me where a gentleman called Tewell—Captain Tewell—lives? We have found his dog, and wish to return it to him," says Louie, walking up to the counter and addressing a scared-looking old man, with a black-and-white tuft of hair on his bald head, like the scalp-lock of an aboriginal red Indian—addressing, in fact, the veritable Theophilus himself.

Theophilus is deaf and dull. Mrs. Danger shouts at him vigorously. Grace keeps outside the shop; she knows she would burst out laughing could she see Mr. Wren's bewildered countenance, and that might hurt Mr. Wren's feelings. She is mindful of other people's feelings, this slow young person. At length she hears him say grumpily he doesn't like being yelled at.

"There ain't no such person a-livin' at Wynbridge, as I'm aweer, but there 'ave been letters addressed to a gen'leman as"—and he fumbles distractingly over a tangle in the piece of string he is tying round a parcel.

Mrs. Danger buttons her glove expressively.

"As were stayin' at Mrs.—Mrs. Thorndyke's, I think. Let me see. Rose!" calling to some one in the back-parlor. A rustle of stiff cambric, and Rose appears; she is Mr. Wren's only daughter, and delights in apparel of the most *voyant* style and tint.

"Good-evening, 'm;" this with a smile and a wriggle which sets all the curls in her superabundant chignon dancing, all the lockets on her superabundant necklet jingling, and all the frills on her superabundant toilet crinkling.

"Isn't there a gen'leman called Captain Tewell stayin' with Mrs. Thorndyke at Chestnut Villa?" asks her father.

"Captain Tewell! Oh, dear me, yes, to be sure; a tall gentleman, with no whiskers, nice-looking;" and Rose smiles at Mrs. Danger feelingly.

Louie shakes her head.

"I don't know what he's like," says she; and then she tells Miss Wren about the lost dog.

That young lady "Oh dears" and "There nows" freely during the piteous recital. When it is concluded, she reassures Mrs. Danger that a Captain Tewell is at present participating in the hospitality of Chestnut Villa; moreover, that she feels sure the dog must belong to him, having seen a black dog out walking with him and Miss Thorndyke only yesterday.

"Oh, indeed!" says Louie; "so there is a Miss Thorndyke?"

Grace hears every word, you may be sure, as she stands on the threshold, her face shaded by her Marguerite-crowned Dolly Varden hat, her eyes bent on the ground.

"Lor, yes, 'm! Why, she's quite a belle, and that 'aughty, though such a sweet dresser!"

Mrs. Danger raises her eyebrows sympathetically, picks up her parasol, and with a gracious "Much obliged, good-evening," rejoins Grace.

"Well, so you've found him out!"

"Yes. I suppose I must write him a note. What fun if he called, and did actually turn out to be your Rae Tewell!"

"My Rae Tewell!" cries Grace, a trifle scornfully.

"Well, Miss Thorndyke's Rae Tewell, then, if you like that better. By-the-way, I wonder if they're nice people?"

"Don't you know them by sight?"

"Not I! People don't go about here with their names ticketed on their backs like cut flowers at a flower-show!"

Mrs. Danger is battling with a "follower," and speaks with acerbity. Nothing more is said concerning Captain Tewell, his dog, or his friends, until they reach home; then Louie seats herself before her malachite and ormolu writing-case, and announces her intention of requesting him to resume his retainer as soon as possible.

"I can't have the darling Tootoo's nerves upset, you know; besides, delays are always tiresome," says Louie, writing "Mrs. Danger presents her compliments." "Shall I say any thing about you?"

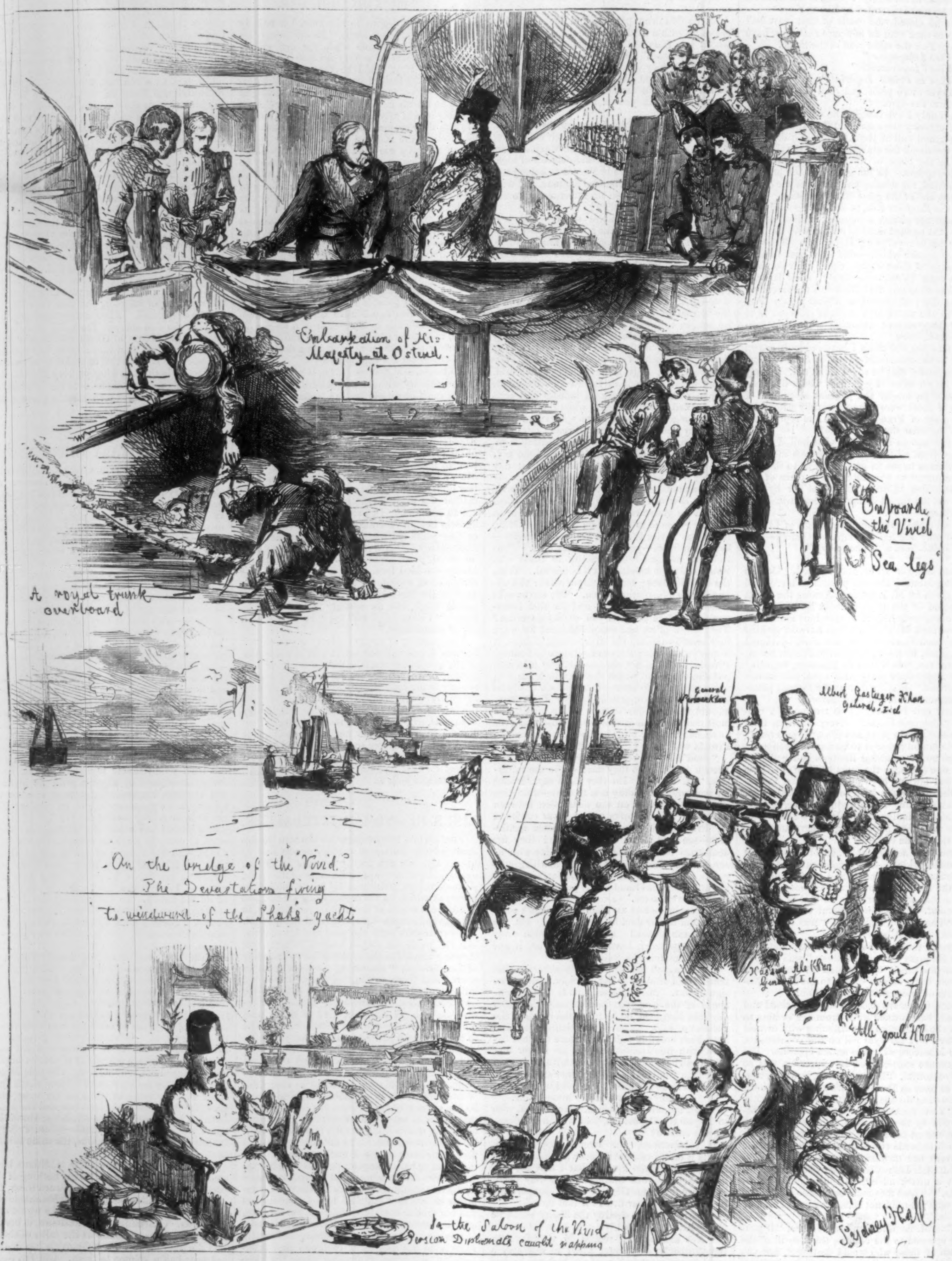
"About me!" cries Grace, flushing crimson.

Louie laughs, scrawls away assiduously, finally scrawls her address, and reads the note.

"There, I think that will do; just look at it; you're so much cleverer than I am," she says, tossing it across to Grace, who is seated in a bergère by the open window.

This is what she reads:

"Mrs. Danger presents her compliments to Captain Tewell, and is happy to be able to assure


Embarkation of His Majesty at Ostend
A royal trunk overboard
On board the Vivid
"Sea legs"
On the bridge of the "Vivid." The Devastation firing to windward of the Shah's yacht
Albert Gastuger Khan General - 1st cl
Hassan Ali Khan General 1st cl
Alli gouli Khan
In the Saloon of the Vivid Persian Diplomats caught napping
Sydney Hall

THE SHAH'S FIRST TASTE OF THE SEA—FROM OSTEND TO DOVER.—[SKETCHES ON BOARD THE "VIVID."]

THE SHAH ON SALT-WATER.

THE sketches on this page give a vivid representation of the incidents of the Shah's little voyage from Ostend to Dover, when he had his first taste of genuine salt-water. His entertainers appear to have been a little disgusted that the Channel, so frequently rough and boisterous, should have been as placid and unruffled as a sea of glass during the passage of the royal party. It would have been much more amusing had the sea given the Shah a good shaking up before he landed on English soil.

The incidents of the trip—the loss and recovery of a royal trunk at the moment of embarkation, the lunch, the encounter with the Channel fleet, and the grand reception at Dover—have already been told in our columns. During his stay in England the Shah was fêted and interviewed incessantly. Deputations from leading cities waited on him with absurd addresses, and not only bored him, but made themselves supremely ridiculous. It does not appear that the Shah has learned much during his European tour. He will return to Persia with all his Eastern prejudices confirmed, and more than ever convinced that neither Germany nor England can offer any thing in forms of government superior to the Persian system. He is said to have been very much shocked to find that an English monarch has no right to put out of the way a too powerful subject, nor even the privilege of putting out his eyes, and was of the opinion that the throne was hardly worth possessing without the prerogatives which belong to an Eastern despot. His Majesty, it is said, can hardly be restrained from exercising the prerogatives of life and death on the members of his own suit during his travels. One eminent courtier has incurred his displeasure to such an extent that the Shah has indicated his intention to have him beheaded the moment they regain Persian territory, where the will of the sovereign is the sole law; and such is the abject submissiveness of his subjects, the poor fellow has not the spirit to leave the service of his despotic master and save his head. If he had an average American's smartness he wouldn't go back.

THE PERSIAN LANGUAGE.

THE Persian language is not merely adapted to the development of a great national literature, to the subtleties of the casuist, to the flowing narrative of the historian, to the raptures of the sonneteer. Writers of original talent have excelled in all these departments, and others have embellished history with memoirs and correspondence teeming with personal anecdotes and picturesque details. But Persian, in a large portion of the East, has monopolized the field of state, diplomacy, and social affairs. For these latter purposes it is unquestionably superior to Arabic, and it distances Sanscrit and its numerous derivatives. It has not unjustly been styled the French of the East. A Persian diplomatist or petitioner can command every variety and degree, from extravagant and high-flown metaphors to short and perspicuous phrases. A viceroy can publish an edict, can promulgate a set of rules, can prescribe duties, and threaten penalties in a fashion to be comprehended at a glance by nomads and rustics. Or, if so minded, he can, in controversy, resort to "less accurate language," and veil his purpose in profuse sentences where no diplomatist can be certain of a meaning, and no grammarian detect a flaw.

It is curious that the great Arabian lawgiver is credited with a saying that Persian ought to be spoken in Paradise, and to this day unanimous testimony to its praise and honor is borne by diplomatists who have conducted affairs in Iran, by residents and travelers who have made any progress in speaking it, and by Indian officials who have either studied it on the frontiers of the Punjab, or who were familiar with that less perfect and pure form which was once in use, as the exponent of law and justice, in the courts and tribunals of a large portion of India. It is admirably suited to repartee, proverbs, pithy sayings, and polished reproofs; and a language must have possessed a wonderful strength and simplicity of its own to have enabled those who spoke it to resist successfully all great or substantial changes at the hands of conquering Tartars and fiery and zealous Arabs. Few languages have passed through such an ordeal, or have survived such a strain.

It must, however, be candidly admitted that its poetical and even its prose works are too ornate, florid, and metaphorical to disarm a rigid censor or to suit a classical taste. The supremacy of Horace is in no danger from the odes of Hafiz. Zuleika will never speak and smile as sweetly as Lalage; and we are soon wearied with verses crammed full of jasmines and violets, thorns and roses, lovers like moths perishing in the flame of the candle, Shirin pouting with the lips of the tulip, and Leilah distinguished by the stature of the cypress and the cheek of the rose. We may therefore rest assured that, in spite of the interest awakened by the Shah's visit to Europe, and its own intrinsic merits, Persian will not be heaped up on the curriculum of our schools and colleges, nor will it add a new terror to competitive ordeals. It will probably remain what it has been hitherto, a vast field of which the harvest is occasionally reaped by eminent linguists. But there has not been a time since the days of Hadji Baba, now more than half a century ago, in which Persia and its inhabitants have so justly claimed a share of public notice.

SHAKSPEARE'S WOMEN.

SHAKSPEARE's women convey some of the finest and profoundest of philosophic truths; but he never drew a professed philosophress—a female philosopher. Shakspeare's women never sit down to philosophize, are never pragmatical philosophers; but from their lips flow sentiments of loving wisdom, out of the depths of their own sweet natures, and as the mere necessary effects of their own purity and rectitude. They are wise because they are good; they are clear-seeing because they are high-minded: their judgment is a part of their right heart. Womanly generosity gives them noble views; womanly delicacy gives them refined ideas. We see in nature many instances of gentle disposition supplying tact and understanding. There are some people with such sweet-natured hearts that these put fine inspirations into their minds, and produce ideas which seem the growth of a noble intellect.

Shakspeare's women, like the best of nature's women (of which, in fact, they are transcripts), offer rather subjects for philosophic reflection in their attributes and qualities than are themselves philosophers. They each afford a fine thesis in philosophy, instead of verbally philosophizing. The philosophy in Shakspeare's women lies in themselves and their own characters more than in what they say. They do not so much utter philosophy as that they contain philosophy. Their actions, their behavior, their whole course of conduct, are philosophy rather than their words. They do not make philosophic speeches, enunciate aphorisms, or declaim set phrases and sentences of morality; but their own several individualities are so many immortal studies in moral wisdom and moral beauty.

Yet although Shakspeare's women convey philosophy more than they promulgate it, they are nevertheless fully competent to its expression, and do give utterance, in noblest diction, to the noble dictates of their own fine natures. They possess all that constitutes nobleness; they have nobility of soul, clear intellect, enlarged mind, and upright heart. They are endowed with faculty and with principle, and their native excellence shines conspicuous through the grace and ability resulting from both.

Helena, in the play of *All's Well that Ends Well*, daughter to the Narbonne physician, and brought up in her orphanhood by the Countess of Rousillon, is philosophical by nature and by circumstance. She inherits a remedial and reliant character; and she is taught patient endurance together with strength of endeavor by the environments amidst which she is bred. These united component points combine to form her into the sensible and sweet-hearted woman that the dramatist has delineated. Born of a man who has acquired for himself professional skill and achieved for himself professional renown, she is bred up in a noble family, where its lady-mistress treats her with kindness amounting to motherly affection, and where she herself conceives an apparently hopeless affection for its lordly heir. Thus she possesses both native mental power and nurtured force of feeling. There is in Helena finest moral courage, a most elastic spirit of trust and hope, a cheerful alacrity and energy, a disposition thoroughly self-helpful and ready to make avail of every resource presented to her by her own sagacity or by opportunity. Her spirits rise with occasion; and she is ever alert and ready on prospect of a period offering for exertion and attempt. On her first conception of the project for curing the king's malady by means of her father's bequeathed prescription she exclaims with animation:

> "The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
> But my intents are fixed, and will not leave me."

And she answers the countess's suggested difficulties in her plan with firm though modest confidence:

> "There's something hints,
> More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
> Of his profession, that his good receipt
> Shall for my legacy be sanctified
> By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honor
> But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
> The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
> By such a day and hour."

SWIFT AS A FLASH.

CHAPTER I.

"ONE DAY FOUND GRACIOUS AMONG MANY DAYS."

"Do come here, Louie, and look at this unhappy black dog!"

"What is there to see in him?"

"Why, he has been running up and down the road like a mad thing for the last five minutes, and he's covered with mud, and his tongue is hanging out, and—"

"And most probably he is mad," answers Louie, yawningly. Four o'clock on a June afternoon is such a sleepy time. "I hope the darling Tootoo is safe in-doors."

Grace Baird appears profoundly and heartlessly indifferent concerning the fate of that interesting quadruped (one does occasionally get rather sick of one's friends' "darling Tootoos," you know); her heavily lashed hazel eyes follow the black dog aforesaid across the uneven road and back again. They meet his, anxious and imploring at the green garden gate; they grow troubled and pitiful; at length they turn toward the corner where Mrs. Danger, the mistress of this snug little villa, is ensconced in a snug little arm-chair, weakly pretending to read a "woman" article in the *Saturday Review*, and Grace remarks, wofully, "I'm sure he's lost."

"Don't worry, dear, please; it's too hot."

"I shall go and look after him;" and Grace walks away from the window where she has been standing.

"He'll bite you, and you'll die of hydrophobia."

No answer, save a light footfall crossing the tesselated hall. So, then, this willful girl is determined to run the risk of losing her life at nineteen, for the sake of a wretched stray cur she has never set eyes on until five minutes ago. Louie Danger has no patience with such rubbish; and accordingly composes herself to slumber with praiseworthy promptitude.

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The object of her solicitude is not gifted with personal beauty. He is a lanky, smooth-haired, black animal, about the size of a pointer, but much slighter in build. She addresses him insidiously and whistles at him seductively; he eyes her with suspicious curiosity, cocks his head on one side, pricks up his ears, and finally sets off up the road, with his tail between his legs, as fast as his poor sore paws can carry him.

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"Oh!" and a capacious yawn; "where is he?" getting up, and shaking out her blue-and-white frills and furbelows.

"At the gate; do come and see what can be done with him."

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WELL, it does not take long to lodge the unexpected guest in an empty stall garnished with such creature comforts as straw and savory sundries; so by half past five, fortified by afternoon tea and the crispest, freshest of cool summer dresses, Grace and her friend sally forth to institute inquiries anent the whereabouts of this said Captain Tewell, concerning whom they both agree to feel an interest deeper than that possessed by most ordinary mortals for their fellow-creatures.

They are fair to see, both the one and the other of these two young women, as they walk along the broad white road, fringed on either side with deadened gorse and golden broom and waving larches and the lovely silver birch, all tiny whispering leaves and glistening slender stems, and sense of great delight.

Perhaps of the two, Mrs. Danger, by reason of her child-like innocent prettiness, her *svelte* figure, possesses the most attractions for the casual passer-by, and casual passers-by, after all, compose the major portion of humanity; she is so *bien mise*, and satiny and smiling, this sailor's wife (Captain Danger is at present guarding the morals and timbers of one of her Majesty's men-of-war somewhere off the coast of Africa). But for all her undisputable charms, Grace Baird can well afford to bear her company, and of this fact no one is better aware than dainty Mrs. Louie herself.

"You are very nice, you know, dear," she has said to the girl before now; "very nice indeed. You've a sort of saint-like expression which suits admirably with your hair and eyes, and you've a lovely complexion. Oh yes, you have, though you are rather pale. I don't care about pink-and-white people, you know. I am pink-and-white myself; and you will have a charming figure when you fill out a little more; and your hands and feet are decidedly good; and altogether, if I wasn't married to Fred, I wouldn't introduce you to him. No, not for woilds."

And Mrs. Danger is quite right, between ourselves, not about her lord and master being likely to fall a victim to Grace's fascinations—for that spirited and gallant gentleman believes that if Eve, Venus, and Ninon were all rolled into one woman, and exhibited for the benefit of mankind, their representative would fail to equal his "little girl" in any one particular—but on the score of her friend's real loveliness; a loveliness of mind and body blending curiously, and fashioned the one like unto the other, in a singularly harmonious and satisfactory manner.

Dogs and children and sick sorry folks trust her at first sight. Strangers tell her things they would not tell to people they had known for years. An hour in her society, looking into her sweet eyes, listening to her soft voice, will make you love her, although you be not a lover of strange women; will, if you are weary and faint with the heat and burden of your noon, refresh and strengthen you as rarely as a cup of generous wine, as the whispered lullaby of shaken leaves.

And yet she is no prig, no prim occupant of the domestic pulpit either at home or abroad. No; she is a merry soul, a bit of a humorist in her young way, fond of a peep behind the scenes now and then, prone to laughter, by no means despising the lesser joys of this terrestrial globe; nothing but a girl, in fact, with all a girl's troubles before her, poor child.

All, I say! Alas, I err; not all, for she has lost her mother, that widowed mother to whose care the Tewell children—two girls and a boy—were confided long ago, when Grace was little more than a baby, by their father, Colonel Tewell, an Indian officer of some distinction, who had served John Company well in the Afghan campaign and on various other occasions.

Being left to shift for herself as best she may, Grace has for the last year occupied the delightful position of nursery governess in a clergyman's family; she knows little or nothing thoroughly enough to teach it to others, like most of our young women, although her poor mother took care to give her what is called a "gentlewoman's education." Her midsummer holidays began exactly two days ago; she is to spend all of them with her friend, Mrs. Danger, who has been her supreme ideal of feminine perfection for upward of three years, their friendship dating from a period anterior to the said Mrs. Danger's marriage. Thus it is that you find her now perambulating the dusty Wynbridge road in company with that fortunate little lady.

They walk briskly along through the straggling village to the general post-office, situate in a grocer's shop kept by one Theophilus Wren.

"Can you tell me where a gentleman called Tewell—Captain Tewell—lives? We have found his dog, and wish to return it to him," says Louie, walking up to the counter and addressing a scared-looking old man, with a black-and-white tuft of hair on his bald head, like the scalp-lock of an aboriginal red Indian—addressing, in fact, the veritable Theophilus himself.

Theophilus is deaf and dull. Mrs. Danger shouts at him vigorously. Grace keeps outside the shop; she knows she would burst out laughing could she see Mr. Wren's bewildered countenance, and that might hurt Mr. Wren's feelings. She is mindful of other people's feelings, this slow young person. At length she hears him say grumpily he doesn't like being yelled at.

"There ain't no such person a-livin' at Wynbridge, as I'm aweer, but there 'ave been letters addressed to a gen'leman as"—and he fumbles distractingly over a tangle in the piece of string he is tying round a parcel.

Mrs. Danger buttons her glove expressively.

"As were stayin' at Mrs.—Mrs. Thorndyke's, I think. Let me see. Rose!" calling to some one in the back-parlor. A rustle of stiff cambric, and Rose appears; she is Mr. Wren's only daughter, and delights in apparel of the most *voyant* style and tint.

"Good-evening, 'm;" this with a smile and a wriggle which sets all the curls in her superabundant chignon dancing, all the lockets on her superabundant necklet jingling, and all the frills on her superabundant toilet crinkling.

"Isn't there a gen'leman called Captain Tewell stayin' with Mrs. Thorndyke at Chestnut Villa?" asks her father.

"Captain Tewell! Oh, dear me, yes, to be sure; a tall gentleman, with no whiskers, nice-looking;" and Rose smiles at Mrs. Danger feelingly.

Louie shakes her head.

"I don't know what he's like," says she; and then she tells Miss Wren about the lost dog.

That young lady "Oh dears" and "There nows" freely during the piteous recital. When it is concluded, she reassures Mrs. Danger that a Captain Tewell is at present participating in the hospitality of Chestnut Villa; moreover, that she feels sure the dog must belong to him, having seen a black dog out walking with him and Miss Thorndyke only yesterday.

"Oh, indeed!" says Louie; "so there is a Miss Thorndyke?"

Grace hears every word, you may be sure, as she stands on the threshold, her face shaded by her Marguerite-crowned Dolly Varden hat, her eyes bent on the ground.

"Lor, yes, 'm! Why, she's quite a belle, and that 'aughty, though such a sweet dresser!"

Mrs. Danger raises her eyebrows sympathetically, picks up her parasol, and with a gracious "Much obliged, good-evening," rejoins Grace.

"Well, so you've found him out!"

"Yes. I suppose I must write him a note. What fun if he called, and did actually turn out to be your Rae Tewell!"

"My Rae Tewell!" cries Grace, a trifle scornfully.

"Well, Miss Thorndyke's Rae Tewell, then, if you like that better. By-the-way, I wonder if they're nice people?"

"Don't you know them by sight?"

"Not I! People don't go about here with their names ticketed on their backs like cut flowers at a flower-show!"

Mrs. Danger is battling with a "follower," and speaks with acerbity. Nothing more is said concerning Captain Tewell, his dog, or his friends, until they reach home; then Louie seats herself before her malachite and ormolu writing-case, and announces her intention of requesting him to resume his retainer as soon as possible.

"I can't have the darling Tootoo's nerves upset, you know; besides, delays are always tiresome," says Louie, writing "Mrs. Danger presents her compliments." "Shall I say any thing about you?"

"About me!" cries Grace, flushing crimson.

Louie laughs, scrawls away assiduously, finally scrawls her address, and reads the note.

"There, I think that will do; just look at it; you're so much cleverer than I am," she says, tossing it across to Grace, who is seated in a bergère by the open window.

This is what she reads:

"Mrs. Danger presents her compliments to Captain Tewell, and is happy to be able to assure him of the safety of his dog, which, having been found by a friend of hers, is now safely housed in her stables, where he will remain until sent for.

"Berrylands, Wynbridge."

"Well?" asks Louie, when she looks up again.

"Well, it's quite proper as far as I can see."

"*Ça va sans dire.* The question is—" dreamily getting up and ringing the bell.

"The question is—" echoes Grace, slowly taking off her hat.

"Nothing! Please take this note to Chestnut Villa, Susan," turning to the servant at the door, "and wait for an answer," most emphatically.

CHAPTER III.

"BY THE MEADOWS OF MEMORY."

DRIP, drip, drip.

"How truly sickly!" exclaims Mrs. Danger, as she and Grace sit at breakfast on the following morning; and the world she looks out upon fully justifies her criticism, so gray and wet and comfortless a world is it.

"Take no notice of it," laughs Grace, plunging into the recesses of a biscuit-china honey-pot in the shape of a hive, with a bee perched outside. "It's the only way to treat disagreeable weather and people."

But Louie is not able to attain unto such a sublime height of dispassionate contemplation. So she continues to stare at the steadily descending rain with a moody persistency more remarkable than wise.

"We sha'n't see a soul all day," she sighs. "Pass me the salt, please."

"I sha'n't die if we don't," with unfeeling cheerfulness.

"I dare say not; still you know it is awfully poky staying in-doors for twelve mortal hours without a creature to speak to," dropping a scrap of toast on the "darling Tootoo's" expectant nose.

"Without a creature to speak to? Why, you've got me and Tootoo, and—"

"But I like somebody new now and then." Mrs. Danger is given to speaking her mind with alarming candor.

"Well, there's the new dog."

"The new dog!"

Grace laughs. "By-the-way, has that interesting animal had any thing to eat this morning?" inquires she, presently, when breakfast is pretty well over.

"I don't know. You had better go and look after him," answers Louie, getting up from the table.

"I will. I suppose somebody will call for him before long?"

"Most probably. Captain Tewell must have got my note by now, you know; he was out when Susan left it;" and Louie gazes at herself plaintively in the glass. She is not "in face" to-day.

"Don't I look hideous in green, dear?" she asks, turning to Miss Baird, who is consulting her watch.

"Not particularly; I mean not at all. How dreadfully absent I am growing! Do you know, it's positively half past ten. I had no idea it was so late!"

"It doesn't matter as far as I am concerned. Are you going to see the dog now?"

"Yes;" and Grace is gone.

Mrs. Danger picks up Tootoo, thereby threatening that plethoric demon with instant asphyxia, and strolls off to the drawing-room, wondering whether she does really look so very ugly in *vert du Nil* after all.

Now there is a good deal to be done for the strange guest Grace finds, when she gets out to the stables, under shelter of a huge umbrella and her water-proof; and by the time she has supplied him with fresh rations and a new bed, and is paddling back up the miry road to the kitchen door, half past eleven is chiming from the church-steeple hard by. Vigorously she scrapes her boots before invading cook's snug sanctum. As she administers one final searching rub on the mat to her muddy toes, a sharp double rap salutes her ears.

"Whoever can that be, at this time of the morning?" thinks she, pausing; while Susan dashes out of the pantry and opens the hall door.

Grumble, grumble. Their early visitor is a man, then. Away rustles Susan to the drawing-room. Back she comes again, more grumbling, the sound of masculine feet in the hall, the closing of a door, and—silence!

Miss Baird betakes herself to the pantry, wherein the clink of cups and saucers denotes that Susan has resumed her occupation of washing up the breakfast things.

"Who is in the drawing-room?" she inquires, unbuttoning her water-proof and pulling it off.

"That there gentleman as I went after last night, miss."

"What, Captain Tewell, the dog's master?"

"Yes, miss; that were the name on the card; and missus said as I were to ask you to go to her directly you come in."

"H'm!" ejaculates Grace. "A pretty spectacle I am, too, for men and angels, after fishing about in the rain after that animal. Do put me to rights a little. Thanks. What's Captain Tewell like?"

"Well, I can't exactly tell you, miss, but 'e's not much to look at in my opinion, beyond bein' as big as a 'ouse! 'E ain't got no color, nor nothin' of that sort!"

"Oh!" and with a final pat at her plaits, Grace forthwith obediently hastens away to undergo the ceremony of introduction to this huge and colorless person.

"It is eight years since I was last in England," remarks he most sedately, as she reaches the drawing-room door.

An old Indian officer evidently, with a mustache as gray as a badger, and a liver the size of a pea.

A moment's hesitation, and she enters the room. Alas for the fatuity of her speculations! No old "Indian officer" is Captain Tewell; rather a remarkably handsome well-bred-looking young man, with the very grayest eyes Grace has ever seen, she thinks.

"You see you are fated to lose your pet, dear!" smiles Louie, after all the perfunctory bowing and commonplaces are disposed of.—"I can assure you, Captain Tewell, Miss Baird has regarded your dog as her own especial property for the last twenty-four hours," turning graciously to that gentleman.

"Since when have you made that discovery?" laughs Grace, trying hard to feel at her ease, and coloring with the effort.

"I'm afraid he isn't handsome enough to incite any one to break the tenth commandment," says Captain Tewell. "His virtues lie below the surface."

"So I should imagine," replies Grace, somewhat dryly, looking straight at him for the first time.

Louie wonders whether she sees how well-favored he is, with his bronzed, clean outlined face, his crisp bright-brown hair, his acute dark eyebrows, his keen deep-set eyes, his rarely symmetrical figure, moulded grandly from head to heel.

"A man among men," thinks Mrs. Danger, dogmatically, and she is right; but Grace indulges in no such critical reflections. She only begins to find it exceedingly possible that this individual, with the head of the immortal "quoit-thrower," may turn out to be, verily and indeed, the Rae Tewell of her childish memories; for Rae had, as far as she can recollect, just such eyes and hair, and just such a sunshiny look all over his face, when his world wagged to his liking.

It is not her place, however, to be the first to broach the subject of his identity with her whilom playmate; if he cares to remember old days, he will remember them without her aid. So they all three talk on about the dog, whose name is "Mick," his adventures, his talents, and general characteristics, with the happiest ardor, as though the universe were Mick, and Mick the universe.

"We must have him up, and let him go through his performances," says Louie, presently. "He will prove quite a blessing in disguise if he's amusing. A rainy day is such a fearful infliction!"

"What would you say to our rainy seasons in India? No sun, no books, no any thing but the deluge for weeks at a time!"

"I should die, I think; or take to metaphysics."

"I'm afraid either process would be equally unproductive of substantial good," laughing. "However, I can assure you you ought to think yourselves uncommonly well off in England."

"Shall you stay long?" asks Grace.

"Only six months. I wish I could have got leave for a year; but the powers that be were obdurate."

"Powers that be usually are," sighs Louie. "My husband is in the navy, you know, and here I am left alone, *en deuil*, the best half of my time."

"Isn't Wynbridge a social place, then?" asks the visitor, tapping the carpet reflectively with his stick. He is almost certain that he has met this very beautiful Miss Baird long ago, in the white-frock-and-blue-sash stage of her existence.

"Pretty well. I know a few people in a society sort of way; but it is not the rule to call on strangers, I find; so one has no chance of enlarging one's circle."

"Ah, I see. That's just what my friends the Thorndykes complain of." Mrs. Danger pricks up her ears. "They find it extremely dull after Cheltenham."

"I should think so, indeed; Cheltenham is so very gay."

"Doesn't Miss Thorndyke affect the pleasures of the country?" smiles Grace, tweaking one of Tootoo's pointed ears.

"Well, she declares that there are no pleasures of the country," laughs Captain Tewell. "They've been wanting to get up a picnic to Virginia Water for ever so long, but—"

"A picnic to Virginia Water! What a delicious idea!" exclaims Mrs. Danger; instantly seeing herself setting mankind by the ears in the most exquisite of Dolly Varden costumes. Foreground: greensward, ornamental water, and swans. Background: rhododendrons, classical ruins, and a glorious sunset of the papier-mâché tea-tray order.

"Is it delicious?" asks Captain Tewell, turning to Grace dubiously.

"It might be."

"Then it is delicious. How odd that it never struck me in that light until now!"

"When is it to come off?" inquires Louie, a little less enthusiastically; her chances of participation in the "it" are so very microscopic.

"I really don't know. We've talked it over every day at breakfast for a week, but as yet nothing definite has been arrived at."

"Have you been at Wynbridge a week?" Grace's tone is that of interested astonishment.

"Yes. Isn't it curious that we should never have met?"

"I don't know," blushing. "We seldom go into the village; besides, if we had met, we should have been just about as wise as we were before."

"Ye-es. Yet I think I should have recognized you; I mean, I think I should have been struck by your likeness to a little girl I used to—"

"You mean her likeness to herself," laughs Louie, gleefully. "Do you know, we quite made up our minds that there could only be one Captain Tewell in the world."

"On the contrary, *I* thought such a coincidence was most unlikely," says Grace, coldly. Mrs. Danger's levity compels rebuke.

"And you are really the small child I remember?" demands the captain, eagerly.

"I am really the small child you remember."

"How extraordinary! Why, it's nearly thirteen years since I last saw you or Mrs. Baird."

"Yes, I know it is;" looking away out of the window. The mention of her mother's name is still grievous unto Grace.

"Time goes so quickly," says Louie, turning her wedding-ring round and round on her taper pink-nailed finger.

"How very extraordinary!" again exclaims Captain Tewell. "Who ever could have dreamed of meeting you again down here?"

"The world isn't half so large as people say," says Mrs. Danger, philosophically, and then settles herself down cozily in the arm-chair corner of the sofa.

"No, I suppose not," answers Captain Tewell, dreamily. Then he and Grace begin to talk of this and that person; of his sisters, of his father, now dead, of all the old time fled away into the past, as is the way of friends who have not met for years.

"And you were always such good companions?" smiles Louie, who contrives, by dint of clever management, to include herself gracefully in these reminiscences.

"Nearly always, I think. I can only remember one serious disagreement."

"Oh yes; I know. You bolstered me most unmercifully; and then, Louie, how do you think he tried to make up for it?"

Louie shakes her blonde head. She has not the "remotest idea."

"Well, he used to tell me most marvelous stories every evening."

"When your hair was being curled," strikes in Rae."

"Yes, when my hair was being curled. Stories about every beast, bird, and reptile under the sun, from a cockatrice to a black beetle. So when I made a fuss about being done to death in cold blood, he promised me a Bengal tiger in the act of devouring a native; and even hinted that if I was extremely good, he might throw in a crocodile besides!"

Captain Tewell laughs loudly at this recital of his past enormities; and Louie suggests that if he can be spared, he may as well eat his luncheon at Berrylands, which suggestion he accepts readily enough.

How pleasantly the time passes when one has something fresh to talk about, and somebody fresh to talk to! Rae feels fonder of Mick that morning than he has ever felt before during all their five years' intimacy.

"I always did think she would grow up into a charming girl," thinks he, as he watches Grace's pretty ways and listens to her pleasant voice; "but whether quite so charming, that is another matter altogether."

"So you really think you like this picnic notion?" This presently, when they are all seated at luncheon; Micky and Tootoo swearing and snapping at each other luxuriously under the table.

"Oh, above all things!" and Mrs. Danger helps herself to a rissole and some fried parsley.

"Then how shall we manage it? What's the correct thing to do? Shall Mrs. Thorndyke call on you, Mrs. Danger; or you on Mrs. Thorndyke?"

"Is Mrs. Thorndyke scrupulous?"

"Scrupulous! Well, I can't say. Perhaps she is rather."

"Then you had better call on her, Louie," says Grace, bestowing a chicken bone on Micky.

"But she's quite a veteran compared to me. I shouldn't know what to do," piteously. "Can't you say that I should be charmed to make her acquaintance, and all that sort of thing, and leave it there?"

"H'm!" Rae looks somewhat dubious as to the probable success of this plan of action. "I'll see what I can do!" adds he at length. "They're such nice people, you know, that I'm sure you'll get on well together!"

"Miss Thorndyke is very pretty, isn't she?" inquires Grace.

"Yes, I think she is," somewhat dubiously; then more decidedly, "yes, I suppose you'd call her quite a pretty girl," whisking away his soft golden-brown mustache from the corners of his mouth.

"We hear that she is lovely!" gushes Louie, with enthusiasm. "Do have some tart?"

"No, thanks.—Well, old boy, want a bit of bread?"

Nothing more is said anent Mrs. Thorndyke or her daughter during the remainder of luncheon, or indeed at all, until Captain Tewell stands, gray hat in hand, his dog at his heels, ready to say good-by. Then he hopes the picnic will come off, also that he shall see them, Mrs. Danger and Grace, soon again.

"I hope so too, I'm sure!" replies Louie, shaking hands with him warmly; it is her way.

"Thank you, good-by;" a squeeze of Grace's long white fingers, and he is gone.

"Well, how do you like your Rae?" turning back into the hall; they parted from him at the door.

"He is very much like every body else," coolly.

"Indeed, every body else is to be envied!"

"What, for being seven feet high, and as brown as a berry, and as—"

"Nonsense! you know as well as I do he is perfectly delightful."

"He is all very well."

"And you don't want to go to the picnic?" poutingly, with suspiciously bright eyes.

"No!" This young woman can be contradictious, when she chooses.

Mrs. Danger shrugs her shoulders.

"Well, I'm sure it doesn't matter to me," says she, not without emphasis.

"Why should it?" calmly. "See, it isn't raining now. Let us go for a walk."

"Very well." Louie is always the first to kiss again, though she is a married woman and four-and-twenty.

"Fancy troubling one's self about a man—a miserable, wretched man!" thinks Grace, contemptuously, as she buttons her boots. But at nineteen the mental vision will bear development.

CHAPTER IV.

"FULL OF SOUND AND SHADOW."

HALF past four on the sultriest of sultry afternoons—not a leaf stirring, scarce a bird chirping, scarce a bee flying. The very grass looks faint with heat; the flowers gape athirst, and yet the relentless sun glares down on them, glares fiercely, as though their fragile loveliness were an offense against his sullen majesty.

Grace is sitting alone in the drawing-room—Louie is up stairs trying on a new dress, which has arrived this morning from London, and concerning which much anxiety has been felt for the last ten days—a novel lies open on her lap. It is a well-told, well-constructed story, and as loving as a book can be; nevertheless, she has not turned over a page in the last half hour, to my certain knowledge.

A farthing for your thoughts, young lady. Hark! a ring and rap at the hall door. Visitors, and Louie away fiddling with that abomination in white muslin and mauve silk. How dreadfully annoying! Grace has a righteous horror of strangers, and most of the Wynbridge gentry are strangers to her. There is nothing to be done, however, but to pocket her discomfiture, and get out her company manners as quickly as may be. Bless me! Here is Susan at the door before one can turn round.

"Mrs. and Miss Thorndyke and Captain Tewell;" entering with three cards on a silver waiter.

Grace takes the cards, drops them into the card-basket at her elbow, says, "Will you tell Mrs. Danger, please?" and finds herself bowing to an elderly lady, all lace and silk and blackness and patchouli; supplemented by a younger lady, likewise all lace and silk and blackness and patchouli; and followed by Rae Tewell, looking pretty much the same as he did the day before yesterday, except in the matter of a blue-black coat and a morsel of stephanotis in his button-hole.

"I must apologize for calling so late," smiles Mrs. Thorndyke graciously, sinking into an indefinite heap of costly apparel on the sofa; "but really this sort of weather makes one so very languid."

Grace agrees; she also volunteers a suggestion that it will thunder soon.

"Oh, please don't say that. Thunder and lightning reduce me to a state of the most abject terror; of course it's very ridiculous to be so babyish;" and Miss Thorndyke displays all her pretty teeth ravishingly. Grace wonders whether she is quite as pretty as Louie. She has certainly wonderfully good features of the aquiline order, and nice gray eyes, and a generally well-groomed self-possessed look, as if she had always been considered worth her fellow-creatures' favorable notice; but—

"A thunder-storm would do a lot of good, I think," observes Captain Tewell, turning himself about gingerly on a chair much too small for him. "Make the air fresher, and give us the chance of one really fine day."

"And we do so want a fine day," smiles Miss Thorndyke. "Captain Tewell has told you about our proposed picnic?"

"Yes," says Grace, wishing the while that Mrs. Thorndyke wouldn't stare at her quite so hard.

"What a strange thing it was that you should have found poor dear Micky; really quite romantic!" with a delicate little laugh. "We were in the lowest spirits about him, you know, when Mrs. Danger's note arrived."

"Wonderfully lucky dog, Mick!" remarks Rae, fragmentarily.

"Yes, indeed," beams Mrs. Thorndyke; "such a charming refuge is not to be found every where. Isobel," with a great deal of "o," "has often said to me that Berrylands was the prettiest house in Wynbridge. Our own little place is so dreadfully small!" looking about her appreciatively.

Yap, yap! barks Tootoo outside the door.

Thank Heaven, Louie can't be very far off now! The door opens; behold her, radiant in the consciousness of being the most perfectly delightful young person of her acquaintance.

"How very kind of you to come and find us out so soon! How do you do, Captain Tewell?" shaking hands all round. "On this hot day, too! What weather we are having!" And she and Mrs. Thorndyke settle down side by side, while Miss Isobel, Rae, and Grace retreat to the window, there to talk vigorously about nothing, with a laudable zeal worthy of the most genuine success. They do succeed too, in a certain sort of way; that is, they contrive to find out various small facts about each other which are not wholly uninteresting, such as that Rae's acquaintance with his present hostess began in India; also that her daughter, pretty as she is, is not exactly a "bud;" also that Grace herself is little better than a raw school-girl; also that some one appears lamentably unconscious of that salient truth, and inclined to treat her short-comings with an indulgence scarcely consistent with strict justice or propriety. But this is merely a reflection; wherefore Louie, fancying they are all getting on beautifully, begs Mrs. Thorndyke to stay to afternoon tea—an invitation which, after a due amount of hesitation, that lady accepts, to some one's considerable satisfaction, be it said.

"And now about this picnic?" when orange pekoe and biscuit sandwiches are well established. "Please excuse my brusquerie, but you know it always seems such a pity to delay any thing nice."

"That is exactly my argument," says Rae. "I've used it on all possible occasions, but without the slightest effect."

"What a shame to slander us so!" smiles Isobel, lowering her long black eyelashes. "I'm sure we are most anxious to see Virginia Water, but we don't seem to know how to get there."

"Go by train," suggests Grace, practically.

"Ah, go by train; not at all a bad idea!" condescends Mrs. Thorndyke. "Have you any notion how the trains run?"

"I fancy there's one about half past ten, and one about twelve, but I'm not certain."

"The twelve o'clock one would do very well. People are always dull before luncheon, so we needn't trouble about getting there too early," observes Miss Thorndyke, bending over a photographic album.

"Spoken with the wisdom of the serpent," smiles Rae.

"If not the harmlessness of the dove," adds Grace, demurely.

Isobel sighs. It is such very bad style to be funny, you know.

"Never mind about doves and serpents," observes Louie, "and such uneatable creatures. Let us fix on a day. Something definite is so comforting."

"On Monday we are engaged," says Mrs. Thorndyke. "Tuesday, too, we are threatened with a croquet party; but Wednesday—would Wednesday suit you, Mrs. Danger?"

"Let me see. Yes, I think so. Have we any thing for Wednesday, Grace?"

Grace shakes her head. "Nothing that I can remember," answers she.

"Well, then, suppose we decide on Wednesday. You'll be here, to rush about and make yourself generally useful, I hope, Captain Tewell," turning to him, as he tells Grace that her carte is not a bit like her; not the least in the world! Of course not. What pretty girl ever did have a carte taken that was the least like her?

"Eh? Oh yes; I believe I may be reckoned upon."

"Certainly," asseverates Mrs. Thorndyke. "I hope we sha'n't lose you for a long time yet."

So the picnic solidifies; and edibles, potables, consumers, come under review. There is no difficulty about the first two items. Lobster-salad and Simkin are easily enough procurable any-where in this enlightened land, goodness knows, when coin of the realm is forth-coming; even chicken mayonnaise and strawberry ice, and various other improving condiments, are not to be utterly despaired of under an enterprising management; but on the score of festive guests there seems to be some slight awkwardness.

"The truth is, we have not cared to visit much among the Wynbridgites," says Miss Isobel. "It is so extremely unpleasant to find one's self obliged to drop people after a short acquaintance; and really trade is so horribly pushing in those suburban places that you never know whom you are getting mixed up with."

Grace feels grateful to Providence that her father was not a grocer, or a butcher, or even a candlestick-maker, or, indeed, in any way inclined to earn his own living.

"Oh, of course," answers Louie, somewhat vaguely, she herself not being at all burdened by these high-bred scruples. "Still we must have somebody besides ourselves; don't you think so?"

"Without a doubt; indeed, I should rather like to make some nice new acquaintances," emphasizing "nice."

"Well, what do you say to the Vicarage people being asked? Their eldest son is at Oxford; but I heard a day or two ago that he was not going to stay up for the Commemoration, so they expect him home early next week. The girls, too, are quite an addition to any party."

"We have seen them in church, I think," rather dubiously. Isobel is not particularly partial to the clergy or their womenkind.

"Would they come if they were asked?" inquires her mother. "It is so annoying to be disappointed at the last moment."

"Oh, I'm sure they would; they are so fond of going out. Then there are the Boscawens; young married people, you know, lively and—"

"Something to do with Lord Falmouth, I suppose?" cheerfully.

"I believe so; anyhow, they are extremely well-connected, and immensely sought after, I assure you. Mrs. Boscawen is so musical and clever."

"No, is she really? Do you know, I am quite afraid of clever people!"

"Are you, indeed?" says Louie, rather dryly for her.

"My daughter has been sadly spoiled, Mrs. Danger," remarks Mrs. Thorndyke, apologetically. "Sadly; and the result is that her tastes are law in our own little ménage." Isobel smiles a deprecatory little smile at Captain Tewell, but he is talking to Grace, and consequently callous. "However," rising from the sofa, "please do your best for us, and I am sure we shall have a most enchanting day. Good-by; I am so charmed to have found you in. Good-by!" shaking fingers with Grace.

Captain Tewell and Isobel perform their farewells, and the formidable *visite de cérémonie* concludes.

"Mind you let me know whenever I can be useful," says the former as he leaves the room; "and by-the-bye, I have got some cartes of the girls I think you'd like to see, Miss Baird. May I bring them some day?"

"If it won't give you a great deal of trouble," coloring up.

"On the contrary, it will be a pleasure. Good-by!" and he follows the Thorndykes.

"Do you think her pretty?" as the hall door bangs behind them.

"Yes, she is pretty, but wofully *maniérée!* How do you like my dress?"

"It is charming! How do you like madam?"

"My dear!" and Louie goes off into fits of laughter. "You should have heard her preaching away to me about all her flocks and herds, and men-servants and maid-servants."

"Like the patriarch Abraham," remarks Grace, going to the glass and settling a recalcitrant hair-pin.

"Exactly. I thought I should have shrieked, but I didn't," thankfully.

"And now they've come down to doing watering-places. H'm!" A sort of *sic transit gloria mundi* H'm!

"They'll do a good few more, too, before that girl goes off," with cruel complacency.

"Why, Rae Tewell is going to marry her, isn't he?"

"Can you doubt it?"

CHAPTER V.

"IN MY HEART," SHE SAID, "I LOVE HIM."

THE days go by, as days do go when there is one especial day to be lived up to, somewhere hidden away in the future. Captain Tewell, Mick at his heels, is in and out of Berrylands from morning till night. It is really amazing what a fund of ingenuity lies perdu in this ingenuous young man's inner consciousness. Never is he without a good excuse for dangling after Grace, let her occupation be what it may, from mending gloves to practicing Chopin; never is he at a loss to find out exactly what she wants, where it is to be had, and how it is to be got at; never does he seem to be able to make himself happy any where but in her immediate vicinity, either personal or spiritual. Louie sees all this, you may be sure, and smiles in a superior sort of way when Grace declares that Rae's outgoings and incomings are nothing to her. He is "Rae" now, mark you.

"Very well, dear," says she, calmly. "Don't let us worry about him; he is too nice to be turned into a nuisance."

And Grace is fain to subdue her rebellious soul—which, I regret to state, is far more inclined unto war than peace on all possible occasions, though she is tame enough to one person in the world—and accept her position. So the hours wax fewer and fewer which lie between our merry-makers and their merry-making.

The Vicarage people are coming, be it known, coming with young Oxford in grand form; the Boscawens are coming; the Cham., which Rae prognosticates will turn out fearfully real the next morning, is coming; the lobsters are coming; the chickens, the strawberries are coming; the every thing is coming.

"With a fine day we shall do delightfully," says Mrs. Thorndyke, thinking of mademoiselle's new gray batiste costume, trimmed with real Cluny at five shillings a yard; and I do verily believe this anxious parent has reason.

"I never thought I should be so happy in England," remarks Rae, as he and Grace saunter about the garden in the twilight on Tuesday evening. He has suffered the Thorndykes to perform their fetich worship at one of the most select temples in that region alone to-night; indeed, they, poor souls, have begun to experience a somewhat exasperating difficulty in enjoying his society at all of late, save at cock-crow and midnight, seasons when even the liveliest of us are apt to feel unequal to great mental effort.

"Didn't you?" replies Grace, weakly rather; then brisking up, "Of course you must have found it dull at first without the girls, or any one who was quite your own to go about with." Rae's sisters are living with a married aunt in Dresden.

"Ye-es; though I don't really think they would have made such a very great difference to me. When a fellow gets to be seven-and-twenty, he wants something nearer and dearer even than a sister in the way of a woman friend;" and his voice asks the question his words do not.

"Perhaps;" a most unsatisfactory "perhaps."

Dead silence. Grace finds herself suddenly face to face with the secret of her life. She could as soon play the fool with this great gray-eyed man as she could turn negress. Thus much she does know already; what more there may be for her to know she scarcely cares to think. She is so shy of herself, of her own heart, this maiden of nineteen.

"Grace—" But she is off in a second. "Please don't run away from me!" says the great gray-eyed man, hastening after her between the dew-spangled shrubs, between the heavy-hearted sleep-kissed flowers.

Alack, he has no power to stay her! She is the thrall of a mightier than he.

"My dear, you look as if you had recently arrived from the moon," remarks Louie, when this silly girl presents herself at the open window of that lady's especial sanctum; a nondescript apartment opening into the garden, and sacred to the performance of various pleasant idlenesses, from the consumption of Latakia to the composition of sartorial follies.

But Mrs. Danger's placid raillery is quite thrown away upon poor Grace. "I didn't know any one was here," says she, rapidly. "I want to be alone; I'm going up stairs." Click goes the door.

"Well, to be sure!" cries Louie, trying on a marvelous combination of various fluffy substances, which is to do duty for a hat to-morrow.

"Oh, there you are, Captain Tewell," suddenly seeing his reflection staring at her in the glass, his cigar in his mouth, and a general woe-begone expression pervading his classic countenance. "What have you and Grace been quarreling about?" wrestling vigorously with a vengeful bit of wire which has got entangled in her silky hair.

"I am not aware that we have quarreled. Can I be of any use?"

"No, thanks; I usually reduce myself to a state of premature baldness about once a week at this sort of thing. There! Why, how dreadfully wretched you look! What's the matter?"

"Nothing; weather, I suppose. May I come in?"

"May you come in!" mockingly. "We were introduced exactly five minutes ago, I suppose," with a laugh. "You'll find something to sit upon somewhere, if you look for it."

Rae does not take long to find the said something; a few seconds, and he is comfortably, or rather uncomfortably, settled in a wicker-work arm-chair about big enough for Tootoo, who is snoring diapasonically on the sofa.

Mrs. Danger, like most pretty fair women, possesses a keen appreciation of the woes of good-looking agreeable men. Rae is good-looking and agreeable; he is also woful. She pities him, and consequently pets and humors him to a surprising degree. They talk about the Thorndykes judiciously, they talk about Grace rapturously, they talk about to-morrow hopefully.

"I do wish I hadn't let my confounded tongue get the better of me!" exclaims he at length, after a somewhat prolonged pause.

"What did you say?"

"I don't exactly know, nothing particular; but she's so different from other girls—"

"You wouldn't have her changed, would you?"

"Not for worlds. She is perfection."

"Yes, I think she is," looking round at him slowly. He sighs, shrugs his shoulders, flings his cigar end into the grate, gets up, stretches himself, and wishes her good-night.

"Good-night, and don't be too miserable," shaking hands with him lingeringly; but he doesn't smile a bit.

"Poor creature!" meditates Louie; "he is evidently very bad indeed. I had no idea matters had gone as far as this."

"Are you in bed?" she asks, knocking at Grace's door later.

"No."

"May I come in?"

"Yes."

Grace is sitting by the open window in her dressing-gown. She looks like the portraits of Madame Tallien, so white, so heroic, so lovely, with her piled-up masses of bright hair, her chiseled marble-pale face.

"You'll catch a cold, and be as hoarse as a raven to-morrow."

"No," with a languid shake of the head.

"But you will," pulling the pretty cretonne curtain forward. "What's the matter with you, child?"

"Nothing is the matter. Please don't worry yourself about me. I shall do very well," Grace answers, grimly.

"Of that I've not the slightest doubt; still you might be a little more open with me," aggrievedly.

"I've nothing to be open about."

Mrs. Danger supports herself under these trying circumstances by the rearrangement of the hair-brushes on the dressing-table.

"How I do wish we could all die to-night, and have done with this horrid tiresome old world!" exclaims Grace, leaning her face wearily on one fair white hand, half hidden in soft lace.

"Thank you! I don't want to die at all. I've got my senses still," severely.

"I wish I had."

"So do I. The idea of refusing Rae Tewell. Why, you must be as blind as a bat to begin with!"

"Who said I had refused him?" averting her face.

"But you mean to refuse him?"

"Yes," doggedly.

"You do actually mean it?"

"Yes, if he asks me."

"But why, why, why?"

"I don't know."

"Grace!" sternly.

Miss Baird laughs, and clasps her round arms behind her head.

"I don't believe you; you only say this to annoy me," exclaims Louie.

"Why should it annoy you?"

"Because I have your interests at heart—because I love you, dear." The tears are in her tender eyes.

"I wish people wouldn't love me; I don't want to be loved; I hate being loved; being loved drives me mad!" cries Grace, vehemently.

"So it seems. Good-night." And Mrs. Danger departs in a state of dignified rigidity fearful to contemplate.

Then Grace begins to think whether she does indeed hate being loved quite so fiercely after all; thinks and thinks until she scarce has heart to think at all, so weary is she of the ever-echoing Yea or Nay.

CHAPTER VI.

"COMES OUT OF DARKNESS, MORN."

IT is the morning of mornings, the picnic morning. Every one is on the alert. Chestnut Villa and Berrylands are alike the scene of dire commotion. Things will get lost, will insidiously get into people's pockets, into wrong hampers, out of window, up the chimney, into the fire. Cork-screws are a source of never-ending trouble; string has banished itself far beyond the reach of man; newspaper might be cloth of gold for the fuss that is made about it; soda-water bottles persist in rolling off every mortal thing that can be rolled off; and as for pepper—well, the enormities committed by pepper, by pepper alone, can they be described? Wherefore, steady pen!

At last, however, even the most turbulent spirits in the ray are quelled, and peace is proclaimed; proclaimed by Rae; standing on the top of the biggest hamper, in the most ecstatic periods producible by the British tongue.

Rae has made up his mind to be jolly for the next eight hours, let him be the most miserable of mankind for the remainder of his existence. It is a dubious thundery-skied sort of day in more ways than one; but Rae has made up his mind to be jolly, and jolly he is.

As for Grace, she is activity itself. Here, there, and every where; now helping Louie; now flying over to Chestnut Villa message-burdened to the tip of her tongue; now reducing Miss Isobel's minor miseries to a state of quiescence; now encouraging Mrs. Thorndyke to something like energy and determination, that lady being utterly incapable to battle against the combined antagonism of her dress, her servants, and her wool-gathering wits; but never by any chance saying a word to one person which she can possibly help saying, or giving him a look which she can possibly help giving, or, indeed, in any way encouraging him to make a greater donkey of himself than he already has done, in her humble opinion.

The general rendezvous is the station; so to the station they set off at last in excellent time; for, as Grace says, rather unamiably, "Of course every one who can be late will be late, just on purpose to drive every one else frantic."

"*We* are, if any thing, rather too early," remarks Isobel, placidly, looking at her mite of a watch.

"But then you aren't every body," smiles Grace, with sublime composure; and Miss Thorndyke reverts to her old conviction that "raw school-girls" are decidedly out of place in decent society.

Arrived at the station, they find, however, that the Vicarage trio are already patrolling the platform—a circumstance which affords our Isobel much joy. She has made the acquaintance of the gentleman of the party, and considers him "quite bearable," and not unlikely to prove useful during the day as a scourge unto the recreant Rae, whose short-comings have of late excited her lively indignation. There is a great deal of hand-shaking and weather talk, of course, directly the two parties meet. Some one says it is "really nicer than if it was sunshiny;" whereupon every one tries to look as if they thought so too, except Grace, who remarks, dryly, that, "nice or not, it must be made the best of now."

"Exactly," says Captain Tewell. "I quite agree with you. Haven't you observed how assiduously I am bent on making the best of it?" not without a certain bitterness.

Here the Boscawens make their appearance; they are a couple of good-looking people, with pleasant manners, and a fair allowance of "go." Rae comes to the conclusion that it is a happy thing they have been asked, after a few minutes' talk with madam, who appears not at all insensible to the fact that he is *très convenable, très convenable* indeed.

A little more of indefinite loitering about, and the porter rings the bell deafeningly. The train is within sight at last. Thank goodness! Grace is so weary of this dull do-nothingness which has fallen upon her, so weary of knowing that a pair of eyes are looking at her which she dares not meet, so weary of this holiday of hers, ere it has well begun. Poor Grace!

Groan, screech, pant goes the engine.

"First-class for'ard; third-class behind. This way, 'm; plenty o' room 'ere. Virginia Water; all right, Sir. Thank you!" Bang, scuffle, bang, down go the windows. Two carriages full of friends and parcels and shawls and umbrellas. But who is with whom, I wonder, and where is Grace?

Grace is comfortably ensconced in a corner, with Mrs. Boscawen opposite to her, and Mr. Boscawen by her side; while Isobel and the vicarial scion are seated vis-à-vis by the opposite window.

Rae Tewell is playing escort to Louie, Mrs. Thorndyke, and the other young ladies. Grace wishes he would keep out of her way in this convenient fashion all day long.

There is plenty of chatter and laughter as they rush on between the broom-gilded banks. It does really seem so very enjoyable a proceeding to be about to swallow an extra amount of extra indigestible food under circumstances of extraordinary discomfort, garnished with rhododendrons and water-beetles.

Isobel and her Oxonian captive improve the shining hours with laudable earnestness. He is a good boy, and knows when he is well off. She is the prettiest girl to be seen to-day, he thinks, after a cautious survey of Grace, and she has evidently taken a fancy to him: what more can a young man of twenty-one desire? Whether Miss Thorndyke is quite so well at ease must remain an open question; I have my doubts.

When they reach the station the question arises how best to get all the portables conveyed to the hotel, in the grounds of which they are to have luncheon; at length they are packed off in a cab with Mrs. Thorndyke, and every one else prepares to trudge after them, Rae cunningly contriving to get himself attached to Grace and Mrs. Boscawen, which latter lady kindly allows him to carry all her light luggage by way of reward for his discernment.

"Isn't it perfectly charming?" exclaims she, throwing a plaid shawl, weighing something like a chaldron, over his disengaged arm; "I revel in ruralizing when one can do it comfortably, you know."

Grace looks at Rae, and the corners of her mouth twitch dangerously. His bewildered and rueful countenance strikes her as so supremely ridiculous.

It is the first time she has smiled at him of her own free-will to-day. He plucks up his spirits, and feels equal to an additional camp-stool or even a second water-proof.

Nobody, of course, has ever been to Virginia Water before; they have been to Rome, Con-